MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN,

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &C.

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Editorial.

FEBRUARY ON THE FARM.

With the great body of snow on the ground it is not very easy getting about in the woods and in many sections the public highways are blocked up so as to make it slow and difficult travelling. At such times there is a natural inclination to stay at home and keep quiet. The main point is to wait patiently till we can get about in the woods and do a little teaming. But the chores about the barn are unceasing. The stock claims more care than at any other season. Cattle cannot be neglected without suffering. Their wants are many and they are quite helpless. They need the eye and the attention of the owner, if they are expected to thrive under adverse circumstances.

There can be no doubt that the necessity of careful stall feeding for five or six months of the year is something of a hardship. While we are in the midst of it, there is a kind of feeling that it is a severe tax, a serious drawback to rural life in New England, and yet it has its compensations. Stall feeding seems to lie at the foundation of permanent and solid success of any system of mixed farming. It is the only way, or perhaps, the best way of producing and economising stable manure that must still be regarded as the very basis of productive farming, notwithstanding all the progress we have made in the preparation of chemical fertilizers. To realize this it is only necessary to travel through the Southern States and see everywhere the results of the neglect of domestic animals, in a country where necessity does not compel people to house and feed them systematically. Cattle can manage to live by browsing, live in the shelter of the woods, live under the lee of a shed or a stack, there, and hence they are allowed to do so, as they generally will be where the absolute necessity of greater care does not exist. The result of this neglect is the utter waste of manures, with here and there an exception, and then follows the necessity of buying fertilizers to feed crops. It is not simply to supplement the stores of barnyard manure, as with us, that commercial fertilizers come in. The farmer or the planter has to rely upon them. They constitute his main stay. He has no barn cellar, teeming with fatness, to go to. He goes to the depot for bags and barrels, instead of the well filled cellar for a hundred or two hundred loads of the best manure.

We say therefore, that the necessity of systematic and long continued stall feeding, to which we are subjected, has its compensations. Farming without manure is up hill work the world over, with here and there a trifling exception, or, take it in the long run we may say without any exception. As long as the world lasts the necessity of the supply of plant food will exist, and the waste materials of the farm will continue to be the basis of this supply. We might as well recognize this fact and study how to increase and economise manures. We can do something in this direction even in winter.

The thriving farmer is apt to keep busy even at this season of the year. He is always finding something to do. And yet it is about as important to spend some time in recreation, as it is to be diligent in business. We must recruit the system for the next season's work, and it is a good plan to have this recreation and amusement with the family as far as possible. What shall this recreation consist in? For those who are fortunate enough to live near a village or any large centre of population there are lectures and concerts, but for those who are more remote from these, and they are the majority of farmers, the simplest and most rational seems to be a choice selection of books and periodicals, especially good agricultural works. The reading and discussion of these will not be time lost by any means. If lighter amusement be needed, there is the whist concert, if the parents and the older portion of the family will relax a little and join the younger in some innocent amusement. It may combine instruction to the young and be so managed as to afford enjoyment to all. A social family call at some neighbor's, of an evening, to be spent in conversation, singing, innocent games of amusement, etc., is a good thing in itself and promotes good neighborhood.

Farmers' clubs which meet at each other's houses weekly are not only a source of much useful information but full of social enjoyment if they are properly managed. Let the ladies join in and have their share of the writing. They can make a success of it.

SECRETS IN FOWL BREEDING.

By Geo. P. Burnham. Published and for sale by the author, at Melrose, Mass. Price 50 cents.

We have received from the author a copy of the above named book, and after looking it over find that it is a good thing to put in the hands of amateurs and young breeders; it contains many facts which have come under Mr. Burnham's observation and much of the matter is practical and worth remembering.

To breeders who have had a few years experience there is nothing in the book bearing a semblance of a "*secret*" and we felt a little disappointment when we reached the last page of the book to find that some "secrets" which have puzzled breeders for years, were not touched upon at all. However the book makes a neat and handy addition to our poultry literature, and is well worth its price to any breeder.

TO MAKE VINEGAR.

A correspondent of the *Ploughman* has a few barrels of cider that he wishes to make into vinegar. We discussed the principles involved in this process at considerable length a few months ago and gave many facts in regard to the practice of those who make a business of it. Where cider "won't turn into vienegar" as it generally will of itself when allowed to stand at a proper temperature exposed to the air, fill a barrel or any clear cask, with shavings or small twigs of maple, birch, beech or any sweet wood, and wet them with a little real vinegar if you have it, if not with cider. Even warm water will answer, but vinegar is best. The barrel or cask should be full of little holes, sides and bottom and set over a larger vessel to catch the drip as it leaches through. Put the cider in a pail set on the barrel over the shavings and carry it over the edge by siphons made of rags or cotton lamp wicking or a hank of cotton yarn. These siphons or conductors must be cut long enough to reach from the bottom of the pail or pan full of cider up over the edge and down to an inch or more below the bottom. The cider, in gradually running from the pail and trickling down through the filter, is exposed to the air and that is the object of the whole arrangement. If it does not become good vinegar the first time run it through again and the most obstinate cider that we ever saw will change. You want to get the greatest possible exposure to the air and the change to vinegar is sure. Will Harvey Dodge, of Wilkinsonville, or some other reader of the *Ploughman* who has been making cider all his life, please state his method, in hard cases.

FINEST GOOSEBERRIES.

Many fruit growers have been so disappointed with the poor success that they have had with the English gooseberries, that they have almost entirely given up the cultivation of this fruit. Yet, if a little care is taken to obtain a proper selection of such kinds as are suited to our climate, the pleasure derived from a garden, and profits also may be greatly increased. Only occasionally do we hear of instances where the English varieties condescend to reveal their best qualities, but usually they prefer to keep us coldly at a distance, and entrench themselves behind a very uninviting coat of mildew. Thanks to the experiments of American fruit growers, there are now varieties free from this defect, and almost equaling in size and quality their haughty English cousins. Among these may be mentioned:

Smith's Improved.—This is a native of Vermont, and is possessed of all the hardiness which a plant natural to that locality would be likely to have. In habits of growth it is strong and vigorous, and when well cared for will yield bountiful crops of fruit. The berries are of large size, pale green in color, becoming a pale yellow when fully ripe. By many this variety is preferred to any of the American kinds, being among the best in flavor, largest in size, and most vigorous in growth. It will be found particularly desirable as a table fruit, as the thinness of the skin, delicious quality, and fine appearance of the berries, finely adapt it to this purpose.

Downing's Seedling.—This variety is perhaps, a little better known than the preceding one, and is probably almost as worthy of cultivation. Both kinds are free from mildew—a merit that in this country can hardly be overestimated. The Downing is of a hardy and vigorous growth, with branches well provided with thorns. These thorns however are not to be feared, as any one possessing a pair of thick gloves will be able to rob the bushes of their fruit with ease, and with a feeling of real satisfaction at the harmless trick that he is playing upon them. The fruit is of fine size, of a beautiful green color, and will prove very acceptable to all lovers of this delicious fruit.

Those who have never seen these berries in their perfection, or tasted the fruit when thoroughly ripe and well cooled upon ice, can hardly comprehend the pleasure that may be derived in possessing them. It will add greatly to the value of nearly every garden if this fruit is allowed to occupy a few feet of ground to unfold its riches. They are easily grown if set out early in the spring—keeping them free afterwards from weeds either by cultivation or mulching. There are many kinds of gooseberries offered—some almost worthless or spurious; but if the proper selection is made, and genuine kinds obtained, then the grower should have a rich feast each year for many years in succession.

PROFITS OF KEEPING FOWLS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Having seen considerable in the *Ploughman*, about the profit of keeping fowls, we wish to tell you what we have done. The first of January, 1876, our father said we might have what hens he pay us, and have what we could make off of them. The flock consisted of eight old hens and two roosters. Below we give the figures, etc.

Worth of eight hens and two roosters.....	$10.00
Paid out for feed, etc.....	17.00
	$27.00
Worth of nineteen hens and roosters now on hand.....	25.00
Received for eggs and fowls.....	27.00
	52.00
	27.00
Total profit.....	$25.00

Now we had only eight hens to start on, (there was no income of course from the roosters,) therefore this gives an income of $3.12 for each hen, besides supporting the roosters. We wish to state also that we had very bad luck with our eggs, several dozens that we set not hatching at all, and the rats or weasels carried off the whole of one and parts of other broods of chickens. If we had had as good luck in this direction, as most of our neighbors, we would have shown a gain of nearly $4.00 per hen, instead of the $3.12, as above. C. P. & B. S. J.

Framingham, Jan. 30, 1877.

POULTRY SHOWS FOR 1876-7.

Ontario Poultry Association—Ontario, March 1, 1877. George Murton, Guelph, Sec.

Buffalo International Poultry Association—Buffalo, N. Y., February 1 to 8, 1877. Geo. W White, Sec.

Maryland Poultry and Fancier's Association—Dec. 28, '76, to Feb. 3, '77. G. O. Brown, Sec.

Union Poultry and Pet Stock Association—Homer, N. Y., Feb. 2 to 6, '77. W. Tallman, W. H. Underwood, Sec'ys

National Poultry Association—Chicago, Feb. 8??.

Questions & Answers.

BITTER MILK.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a cow that I bought last spring, dropped her calf in May, and has done first rate since until within the last ten days the milk is bitter after standing a few hours. She don't come in until the last of May. Can you tell me what the trouble is, and if there is any cure? and oblige an old subscriber.

Respectfully yours, A. R. F.

Peabody, Jan. 25th., 1877.

The trouble, probably, is that you set your milk in too low a temperature. Milk is rendered bitter, or will soon become bitter from several causes. The first, perhaps, may be the food or something in the food. If the cow feeds on wormwood as cows sometimes will, or on the sow thistle, or on the leaves of the artichoke, you will be pretty certain to have bitter milk. Now neither of these particular plants may be present in the hay or feed of the cow, but there may be some plant or weed that will produce the same effect. At this season of the year however, the cause is more likely to be the low temperature of the milk room, or else you let the milk or the cream stand a little too long. Milk, as every farmer knows, is exceedingly susceptible to taints, not only from substances eaten by the cow, like turnips, cabbages, etc., but from impurities in the air surrounding it. But if the temperature in which milk sets is too low the milk will be very likely to become bitter even with the best of food for the cow and the purest of air that surrounds it. It ought not to stand at less than about 53 to 55 deg. If it stands in a room that is warmed by day, from the proximity of a kitchen fire or otherwise, and is cold at night the cream will not rise well and it will be very apt to be bitter and acid. If the milk freezes, the cream often rises at once but it is of poor quality and the butter from it will be white and poor. Keep a uniform temperature and try it. Please report the result. —[ED.

IN-AND-IN-BREEDING.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I notice in the *Ploughman*, of Jan. 6th, a question and answer with regard to "Tanning Sheep Skins." Can you tell me how to tan cow skins with the hair on?

Upon an article on "Overreaching," allow me to say I have found heavy shoeing forward, light shoeing behind, an effectual remedy in one of the worst cases. The *extra* weight on the fore foot throws it *further*. The *lack* of *weight* on the hind foot causes it to *fall short*, thus enabling the horse to travel free and easy, with no *click* at all. One thing more and I have done. What do you say to breeding pigs with father and mother of the same litter, (brother and sister?) Respectfully, C. S. K.

North Brookfield, Mass., Jan. 23d, 1877.

Will some reader of the *Ploughman* who has had experience reply to the first question? To the second we should say that it will not do. A son may be bred to his mother or a father to his daughter, sometimes with safety, but own brother and sister, seldom. A daughter has only half the blood of the father and a son only half the blood of his mother. "In-and-in" breeding must be practised with great caution.—[ED.

TWO CROPS A YEAR.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Please oblige by informing one of your readers, first, if there is a possibility of getting two crops off the land, by sowing barley first, and cut in June for hay, then sow Millet or Hungarian and cut in August for the same?

Second, if you do the same thing, only sow rye instead of barley in the fall, and cut and cure, in June, then Millet as above, will the land bear it if you do it for a number of years?

Third, would it make a surer crop, by putting on my manure in a liquid state the day before I put in my seed of either? (As I intend to keep a good many cows more than I have already, I should like to raise all the hay I possibly can.)

Fourth, would I be just as well off if I sow the land down to good grass, keep putting on liquid manure all winter, say go over it three times in the winter, and get one crop of hay and one of rowen?

Fifth, can I put on liquid manure in June, July, August, September, or is the sun so hot as to burn the roots?

Yours most respectfully, G. A. S.

You can get two crops from a strong and well manured soil. But if the land is poor it draws hard upon it, and there will be no economy, in the long run, by trying to get more from the land than you put on it, in the shape of plant food. A common grass crop can be cut in June and the land ploughed up and top dressed with some chemical manure and then sown with Hungarian grass. Or, you can sow a crop of rye in the fall and cut it early enough to sow on the Hungarian. It will do to sow this latter late in June, or even as late as the first of July. Sown the middle of June it will be ready to cut by the tenth or twelfth of August, when the land can be ploughed and seeded down if you wish. Stop [illegible] manuring, and say [illegible] speaking of the Swedish turnip or ruta baga, says that "it is a very valuable vegetable, and the very best crop I ever grew, and the best quality of vegetable I sowed after a crop of early potatoes. It must have been as late as the 25th of July; but that is a little too late to sow it; ordinarily, it would not succeed sown as late as that. But I should not recommend sowing it as a first crop. The ground may be ploughed after the grass is cut in June, or after some early crop has been taken off, and this may be made to succeed well as a second crop. It is a very valuable vegetable for feeding purposes. I do not grow it so much as I do the flat turnip and other roots, from the fact that it is a second crop, and my land is not usually at liberty early enough for it as it is for the flat turnip. I think this is of as much value or more than the flat turnip, but it costs more to raise it, and I consider the flat turnip well worthy of cultivation for the cost that is incurred."

No land will bear taking a second crop a number of years in succession without liberal treatment and manuring. Liquid manuring is always in order and it pays well to save and apply all that you possibly can. Land can be kept in grass many years by a judicious and liberal top-dressing of compost or of liquid manure, and the plan you suggest of applying in the winter is a good one where the land is level and not very liable to wash and loss by drainage, especially in open winters when the ground is bare. Land treated in this way will usually produce two crops of grass in favorable years. An application of liquid manure directly after cutting and taking off the first crop will generally be followed by good results, but if it happens to be an excessively hot and dry season it might not work well, though we should not hesitate to apply liquid manure to grass at any season and take the chance. It does rather better when applied in the spring or fall.

We think Hungarian grass, Swedes and flat turnips are among the best second crops we can raise, and we are glad to see the culture of Hungarian extending so much.—[ED.

FRUIT CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please let me know through the *Ploughman*, about the production of "Fruit in California;" also the prospects a young man from here would have in that line? and oblige, yours truly, J. C. H.

Boston, Jan. 16th, 1877.

It does not appear from the question what particular point our correspondent wants to know about, whether the aggregate statistics of fruit production, the varieties of fruit raised, the adaptation of the climate and soil for the production, or what. California is peculiarly adapted to the raising of almost every variety of fruit grown in the temperate zone, and also to very many semi-tropical and even tropical fruits that cannot be grown in the same latitude elsewhere. The climate secures to California great and peculiar advantages for fruit growing. We know of no part of the world where fruit trees grow so rapidly, and bear so early, so abundantly and so regularly, with fruit of so large size. As a general rule the apples, pears, peaches, and strawberries, are inferior in flavor to those well grown and well ripened with us, but other fruits, like the grape, the plum, the apricot, the olive, the fig, the cherry, the orange, the nectarine, the prune, and many others that grow thriftily, are perhaps as good in flavor as can be found anywhere.

Orchards are planted thicker or the trees closer together than with us, and they are trained low, with the lower limbs within a foot or two of the ground. They bear earlier for this and the trunk is shaded and protected from "sun scald," to which they would be liable if not so protected.

Fruit trees generally are about as large there at two years old as they are with us at three or four years. Cherry trees have grown there fourteen feet high in one year; pear trees ten feet high; peach trees often make trunks two and three inches in diameter in one season, and all these from buds on yearling stocks, and well covered with branches, not trimmed to gain hight. At Petaluma a cherry tree two years from the graft, and only three from the seed, had a trunk seven inches and three-quarters round; a plum tree three years from seed was eleven feet high and had a trunk seven inches in circumference, a peach tree a year from the bud was 8 feet high and 8 1-2 inches round.

The grape takes the lead, perhaps, of all other fruits. The long and hot summers, the six or eight months of excessive and unbroken drought, which parches every thing else to a crisp, and makes the face of the whole country one broad field of majestic desolation covered with dust like ashes, is just what the grape likes. If it is allowed to ripen, it becomes delicious. But you don't get them in California itself of that quality. . In all the time we were at the Lick House in San Francisco, many days, there were plenty of grapes on the table every day for show, but they were uniformly sour and utterly unfit to eat. The same was the case elsewhere. The figs were about the only real, sweet fruit we found in California.—[ED.

FRUIT TREES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

A few years ago I grafted a few pear trees on the 4th day of March, and from that date to the 20th of May I grafted more or less, but those grafted in March did the best of any set that year. The wax used was composed of rosin, linseed oil and a small amount of beeswax. I have seen it doubted whether heavy manuring is of any benefit to pear trees or not. I usually dig around mine in the fall, removing all the grass, &c., and then putting a wheelbarrow of barn manure around each tree, and in the spring I dig it in. The result is, I get ten barrels of nice Bartlett pears each year from twenty trees, and I notice that my trees grow more or less each year. I never have mulched any of my trees, consequently can't say whether that is of any benefit or not.

On part of my land vegetables will not stand over two weeks' drouth without suffering badly for moisture. My garden is well covered with fruit trees. Do the trees absorb the moisture from the surface and cause vegetables to wilt and the ground to dry up?

I have a few apple trees that I want to graft in the spring; was thinking of setting the "Early Williams," but before I set them [illegible] but as fast as they ripen they drop off. I know that they are good bearers and find a ready sale in the market, but in order to get enough to send to market at one time I should have to set a large lot of them.

I have one Northern Spy, one Danvers Sweet and one Gravenstein that I intend to graft. The Northern Spy gives me about one barrel of fruit each year, but it does not grow smooth nor keep well. Gravenstein does not bear well; when the fruit is about half grown it drops off and I never have any apples to pick. This tree stands in a moist, rich place. I have another Gravenstein tree that stands in a much poorer place that I generally get from three to five barrels of apples off of every other year. I was told that by driving nails into the tree near the ground, that the fruit would stick. I did so, but the fruit dropped as badly as ever. If any of your readers know of any remedy I wish they would give it through the *Ploughman*. I rather raise the Gravenstein apples than any other I know of, as they bring the best prices and sell the best of any that are raised about here. H. A.

Wenham, Mass.

☞ Tobacco growers and dealers allege, that it is an established fact, that tobacco furnishes employment to more people than any other crop raised, or article produced, in this country.

☞ One of the largest droves of cattle ever seen in any place, was driven from Texas a few weeks ago, from Capt. King's ranch to Kansas. The herd numbered 30,000 horned cattle, and was attended by 700 drivers.

The Horse.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

"FEARNAUGHTS."

We occasionally read, as in a late edition of *Wallace's Monthly*, and in the *Ploughman*, quoting from the same, in the interesting article on the "Orloff Trotter," articles, not in the highest terms complimentary to the stock of horses bearing the name of the celebrated "Fearnaughts." Let us look at this a moment, and taking for granted there has none of them trotted below 2.20 in a public race and none except "Old Fearnaught" himself, who has made a public race even below 2.24, are there no classes of horses needed except fast track trotters, which often, yes quite often, are dull on the road, and who after a twenty mile drive need a day's rest to return home? We have always advocated for our farmers to breed from nothing but good sized, sound, choice animals, and speedy ones if possible on both sides, for the reason, if they do not get fast trotters they will almost always, all things being equal, produce for the market large horses suitable for gentlemen's drivers, and we venture to say, without fear of contradiction, that, for beauty in color, beauty in shape, good natured, strong, resolute and fearless roadsters, the stock of "Fearnaughts" are unsurpassed. I venture this remark satisfied that no reader of the *Ploughman*, having a good eye for a horse, or a reasonable knowledge of what he should be for ordinary every day purposes, or who has studied this subject, will deny what we say. Let him look at Fearnaught, Jr., Dreadnaught, Cavenaught, Fearnaught Boy, Douglass, Daybreak, Creole, and many others and deny, if he can, with any sense of truth that they are beautiful specimens of horses. We never knew of one of this stock, there may be some, however, not within our knowledge, and we know them all pretty well, that are not, as we said before, exactly what we all need, fine, fearless, powerful, kind, fast family animals.

What could have induced those gentlemen, many of them the best judges of young stock among us, to have patronized the first sale of Fearnaught colts at Home Farm, Roxbury, when Col. Russell offered twenty-one for sale, the whole lot bringing $7,980, or an average of $380 each and only yearlings at that; and though none of them have, as yet, appeared on the track, we know of none that are not choice young horses. Take the sale by the same gentleman, who has, and is doing so much to improve the class of horses, the date we have forgotten, but which included such colts as "Douglass" sold to Mr. Bailey, of Portland, for $1,425; "Decoy" to Mr. Adams, for $1,300, "Defiance" to Mr. Rhodes, for $750; "Diana" to Mr. Shaw, for $1,200; "Daybreak" to Mr. Shaw, for $1,850; "Dragoon" to Mr. Dunlap, for $1,025; "Diadem" to Mr. Wright, for $1,750; and others, making the total sale amount to $13,955, or an average for each, of the sixteen sold, equal to $872. Could it be possible that these buyers, good judges, were willing for the sake of owning a "Fearnaught," merely for his name, to throw away their money, or was the stock most excellent; we incline to the latter belief, and have yet to find any of these purchasers who regretted their bargains.

We cannot all of us raise a "Smuggler," a "Jay Gould," a "Goldsmith Maid," or a "Gov. Sprague," but let us try, and if we fail, we may, with proper care, produce a horse for the market which is so highly prized for his road qualities of all kinds, and there are no better stock horses for such generally useful purposes, as the sons of the fine "Old Fearnaught." TREMONT.

Boston, Jan. 26th, 1877.

GUANO AS A FERTILIZER.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

It has been said that experience is a good teacher, and if farmers would bear this in mind oftener it would save them from future blunders of like nature. In the application of guano to land it operates in a similar manner as liquor applied to a man, and it must be used as carefully. Your correspondent asks "What is its intrinsic value?" Applied alone nothing. Let us illustrate. It makes a great crop in every instance; applied to corn, it drives to stalk even at the expense of grain. Applied to oats, rye, and grains of similar nature, it creates such a growth of straw that it cannot stand a prostrating wind and rain; and, in every instance will cause lodging. Applied to grass, it causes a great growth and lodging, in many cases great waste; applied to potatoes, a great growth of vines; applied to a garden exclusively, failure. Still it has value, used carefully, as we shall point out. A glass of liquor has done great good in a great many instances, and it has caused great harm in others. It is just so exactly with guano.

[illegible] We have never seen it used anywhere where it did better service than in the garden and for vines. First a good dressing of barnyard manure should be first ploughed into the ground, then guano should be used as a top-dressing and allowed to remain on the surface. A garden planted then will be successful; applied to vines and early crops in the hill, as a top-dressing only.

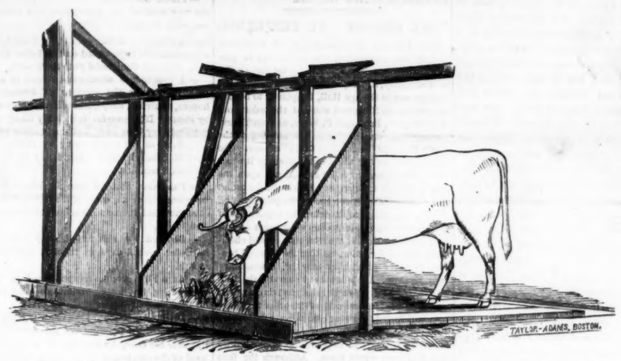
The droppings of hens, to use them properly, should be mixed in several times the bulk in sand; a good way is to cover lightly with sand as fast as it is dropped. This keeps it from matting into a hard crust and keeps it in a position to be the most ably handled. If it is prepared in this way it has an intrinsic value, so high that it should more closely engage the farmers' attention. At the same time it must be applied with good judgment. The question is not who raises the highest stalks so much as it is who raises the most corn. If a farmer knows how to apply it carefully it will always rank high with him.

Being of a warm nature we think it works best on cold soils. Under no circumstances should it be used also for it does its business on a jump and so on tires itself out as any one will find out for himself if he once tries it. J. N. A.

Stuartdale, R. I. Jan. 1877.

☞ The comb is to hen's pulse. If that be strong and bright and of a good color and full of blood, shaking with every quick movement of the bird in the combed varieties, the bird is in normal heal, and in a laying condition. When the ri of the comb and wattles have a purplish nge, the bird is not well.

STANCHIONS FOR CATTLE.



A correspondent of the *Ploughman*, of Portsmouth, R. I., wishes to know about cattle stanchions. We have generally preferred to fasten with chains or the common "cattie tie," but there is no doubt that cattle will keep rather cleaner in stanchions. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* says:—

"That for the permanent stanchion, a plank 1 1-4 inches by 8 or 10 inches, should set between these planks and be securely fastened at the top. The loose stanchions should be 1-8 of an inch thinner at the upper end, and of the same width. Its lower end should be cut to a width of 2 1-2 inches, the top end to 6 inches. The upper end should play between two boards a foot wide bolted to the permanent stanchions. The fall—say 6 to 8 inches wide—should be as long as the space will allow, and with two or more notches on its lower side. It should be hung on a pin near the upper side of the boards, so that when the stanchion falls back in opening it cannot escape from between them. A cleat should be nailed on the side of the loose stanchion to keep it from working upward. A stick 1 1-4 inches by 2 should be placed in the floor between the loose stanchion and the next permanent one. By the length of this stick and the notches in the fall a stanchion may in a moment be altered to fit any neck, from that of a calf to the largest bull. The front board of the manger, say a foot wide, should be bolted to the permanent stanchions, and have a round notch cut about half its width under the neck of each cow. The bottom of the manger should be from 12 to 14 inches wide, of hard wood, so as to be more easily kept clean of offensive tastes or smells. The stanchions should be of tough hard wood, to be as thin as possible, and yet sufficiently strong. The rest of the manger, about 3 feet wide, should be so inclined that the feed will slide down to the bottom in reach of the cows. If they throw fodder out between them, a board widest at the lower end may be fitted in, but cattle should always be allowed to see clearly any one passing behind them, if not they are apt to learn to kick. For convenience in fastening, the loose stanchion should be on the side of the cow next the entrance. A cow should not be made to stand between two that drive her. Since the master animals generally lead the herd, they should be taught to take their places farthest from the door. If the feed is put into the manger while the cows are out for water or exercise, they will soon leave at the call of the dairyman to file in and each take her proper place, by standing in the alley before them with a forked stick, closing the stanchions, and moving such as get into a wrong place. With cords passing over pulleys he can in the same position quickly raise the falls and let them loose. For most fastening bolts are better than nails. There is probably no other means of confining cattle in which they can be so rapidly and securely loosed and fastened as by stanchions; none by which stable room, feed and fodder can be so well economized, and none in which they can be kept so clean if well littered. What is more, they thrive well when so kept."

Correspondence.

USE OF "DIVINING RODS."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I noticed in the *Ploughman* of Dec. 23d a communication from A. A. Southwick, Farm Superintendent of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, stating that "at the present time there is not a drop of water available at the farm buildings and that they had to drive their stock from one-fourth to one-half a mile to procure the necessary supply of water. I thought that *perhaps* that farm was in a similar condition to that of a farm owned by a Quaker in the State of New York, an account of which may be found in the Agricultural Patent Office Report for the year 1851, page 14, in a communication from Alfred Burnson to that Department upon the subject of Well Digging. A friend of this Quaker farmer called upon him, and among other things his farm, its beauty and high state of cultivation came up as a topic of conversation, and the owner observed that he would sell it for half its value, because there was no living or spring water on it. His friend inquired, "why don't thee dig?" "I have," was the reply, "dug several wells, some of them ninety feet deep, and get nothing but seep-water, which is not good. "But," continued his friend, "why don't thee get a water philosopher to tell thee where to dig?" "Because I don't believe in such nonsense; I won't believe in anything of the kind for which I can see no good reason; and there is no reason why such a rod will work in one man's hands and not in another's." But his friend was not to be put off with so stale an argument. "But thou mayest believe it whether thou canst comprehend it or not, for I have proved it and know it to be true; and if thou wilt get a good philosopher, one who has been proved, and dig where he tells thee, if thou dost not find water I will pay thee all thy expenses." His friend was so urgent, and withal so liberal, he could do no less in courtesy than try it. He did so, and the operator fixed upon a site near the corner of his house, on the side towards the barn, from which the barnyard could be easily supplied, and fixed upon twenty feet as the depth to dig. He paid the man his dollar and told him, "I have called for thee and I will pay thy charges; but I don't believe a word thou sayest, for here and there, within a few feet of the place thou hast fixed upon, I have dug *ninety* feet and found no such spring as thou tellest of; but if I do find it as thou sayest I will give thee fifty dollars." The result was, he dug, found water as told, paid the man his fifty dollars, got him to select several other places or sites on the farm for wells for stock, and published his discovery for the benefit of his fellowmen who might be in like ignorance and prejudice, and as much to their own damage. I say experience in this matter is as follows: Some twenty-five years ago wishing to procure a supply of water for my barnyard, I thought of *two* ways—one to dig a well in or near the yard and put in a pump—the other to dig a well on a hill of mine some thirty or forty rods distant and bring the water into the yard by aqueduct. I finally decided upon the latter, and upon mentioning the matter to a neighbor, he advised me to get a citizen of our town to come with his rods and he would tell me where to dig so as to find water; but being as skeptical in regard to the matter as the Quaker farmer, before mentioned, I laughed at the idea of any person's telling where to find water by any such unreasonable way, but after some consideration of the matter I concluded to gratify my curiosity at least if nothing more. So I got him to come with his rods, and although he was a man of intelligence, being a graduate of one of our colleges, yet he didn't claim to know why the rods would work in his hands and not in the hands of some others. He fixed upon a spot—the most unlikely one to look at of any place on the hill, it being on a *ridge* of the hill about forty feet above the level of my barnyard. When a dry time came I dug, found water at the depth of *twenty* feet, dug twelve feet more, stoned it up, put in an aqueduct, and never have failed since of a supply for some twenty head of cattle and horses besides a considerable amount used for domestic purposes in the house, especially in a dry time when my well at the house usually fails. After the gentleman with his rods left I had the curiosity to try them myself, and to my surprise found they would work in my hands, but being tried by several persons present, no perceptible movement of the rods was seen or felt by them.

Now if it is a fact that these veins or underground currents of water can be found by these "Divining Rods," as they are sometimes called, and I firmly believe they can, being based, as I think they are on scientific principles—that of electricity—how important it is that a knowledge of such a method of finding water should be more generally diffused, that all who wish may avail themselves of the benefits to be derived therefrom, instead of digging at haphazard, as has often been the case heretofore, and which many times, has resulted in failure, disappointment and a useless expenditure of money. I have written this to stir up some abler pen and draw out the knowledge of those who have had more experience in the matter than I have. Would it not be a legitimate matter for investigation and experiment at the Agricultural College Farm?—Let us have the truth and facts in relation to this matter. Yours truly, W. T.

Groton, Mass., Jan. 20, 1877.

SPAYING SOWS.

An experienced farmer gives his method of spaying sows as follows: "I have spayed hogs for thirty years, both in the side and belly, and am satisfied that the latter is the better mode. So satisfied am I of the fact, that for the last fifteen years I have spayed my sows altogether in the belly. The mode I adopt is to swing the sow up by the hind legs; the intestines then drop down forward, leaving a clear way to get at the ovaries. I then make an incision in the belly, about two and a half inches in length, between the last four teats, thus reaching the ovaries readily, and cut them off. In sewing up the incision, it takes more care than in sewing up the side; for if the inner muscular coat is not taken up and sewed with the skin, it may form a pouch in which the intestines will lodge. I never had but one or two accidents of the kind to happen. The suppuration from the wound escapes more readily from the incision on the belly than from the side. The best age for spaying pigs is when they are six months old, but it can be done at any age, though with more inconvenience to the animal. After the operation has been performed, it is best to turn out the hogs where they can get to water freely and wallow in the mire."

DUCKLINGS MORE PROFITABLE THAN CHICKENS.

The saying often applied to young ducks that "they eat more than they are worth," may be a very unjust one. Several years ago we were speaking with a woman who raised yearly large numbers of ducks and chickens, regarding the comparative amount of food consumed to bring them to their full growth. She stated that "ducks eat less in proportion to their growth than chickens." will understand the reason. "It is because the ducklings reach maturity sooner than the chickens, and, of course, the longer it takes to bring a creature to maturity, the greater the expense, not only of food, but of time and trouble. Experiment has demonstrated the fact that, with the same quantity of food and care, the ducklings, in ninety days from the shell, may be made to weight nine or ten pounds per pair, or over, while chickens, in the same length of time, come to weigh only six or seven pounds a pair. Hence the remark quoted at the commencement of this paper, does not apply when ducklings are properly and intelligently managed.—*Poultry World.*

INDIAN CORN AS A FOOD.

At the last meeting of the Paris Academy of Medicine, November 14th, M. Fee, of Padua, enlarged on the merits of maize as an article of food. He gave comparative tables to show that maize is superior to all other cereals in fatty matters, and that it may be considered as a perfect food. He also replied to objections that have been made to maize, accusing it of giving rise to certain diseases, notably pellagra; and demonstrated that the Penicillium, which is supposed to originate this disease, never attacks maize unless it is damaged.

☞ Owing to the unusual fall of snow on the grazing lands in Western Nebraska vast herds of cattle are suffering greatly for want of food. One report says that between 35,000 and 40,000 head of cattle are in a starving condition between Sidney and the North Platte. They come up to the Union Pacific railroad track in great numbers, and frequently impede the progress of trains, which are obliged on this account to move slowly and cautiously through this section. Cattle are often found lying benumbed and hungry on the track, and have to be forcibly driven off.

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

FARM NOTES FROM MAINE.

NUMBER II.

The oat, barley, rye and buckwheat crop of the State was perhaps a little below the average. Except in Aroostook and some of the newer sections but little rye or buckwheat is grown. The latter, however, is sown to some extent in small patches in nearly every town for a late bee pasture, and since the revival of bee keeping more attention has been given to producing honey plants. Oats are largely cultivated and in excess of barley. The two grains form an important item of Maine produce and of stock feed.

The culture of beans and pease is on the increase. The yield last year was very satisfactory. They form an important item of food both for man and beast and always command a good and remunerative price. "There is a good deal of good eating in a bushel of beans" is an old and true saying. Pease mixed with oats, barley, or wheat and ground, form a highly nutritious fattening feed for swine or beef animals. Pease are not as exhausting to land as beans, and are a good crop to seed down to grass with.

Pasturage in the older sections is not as good as it used to be. Many pastures need renovating, and we know of no way to do it better or cheaper than that recommended by your able and intelligent correspondent "E," in a recent number, on renovating pastures by overstocking with sheep and then feeding them provender. But a small per cent. of pastures can be ploughed and reseeded, being too rough, rocky, steep, or wet. Many are grown up to hardhack, brakes, bushes and brambles; many abound with moss knolls, and patches. If dairying is pursued it is absolutely necessary to provide some soiling crop for fall feeding when pastures fail, and to tide over the fall droughts. In most instances fodder corn is provided for this purpose, which, if not the best, is certainly as easily raised, handled and fed as any and much easier than some, while the cows seem to relish it with a keen zest that is not surpassed by any other.

The apple crop was small but enough was raised for home use and some for export. The breadth of orcharding is extending in some sections while narrowing in others. We do not feel safe to say it is increasing much upon the whole. Large numbers of New York trees are annually sold throughout the State and are planted out by the farmers. About half die of neglect, and about half from severity of the climate, being of too tender variety, and from being worthless trees. Most any farmer can [illegible] show a plantation of dead and dying New York trees, while a few can show a promising one. Lately more russets and crabs are being put out, but, Mr. Editor, just imagine the situation, when every farmer has a flourishing, bearing and extensive orchard of crab apples. The fruit then won't be worth the gathering, comparatively. There are but few varieties among the many that are hardy enough, and adapted to Maine, especially to general distribution. The very hardiest only should be put out, and our Pomological Society will do well at this forth coming winter meeting at Monmouth, to settle upon and publish a list of "Ironclads" for general cultivation. The hardiness of the tree being always the first consideration.

Small fruits were rather below the average, outside of city and village gardens, and those of a few leading horticulturists

communicate" through columns of the *Ploughman*.

Cows are gradually on the increase in this State, as the dairy interest assumes more and more importance. This we are glad to see, and in connection swine raising becomes more extensive and general. The cow is not only stepmother to numerous babies, but to many pigs also. Not only are cows on the increase as to numbers but more attention is given to feeding and pasturage and general care of them, hence they pay more in return. Better cows are sought for, and a cow that would "answer" a few years ago, will not be tolerated at all now in many sections, so not only numbers, but the quality also is better than formerly.

J. W. L.

Brooks, Me.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1877.

The special lesson taught the people of this country by the experience of the past three and a half years is that of economy. The insane rage for speculation is pretty well blown over. We shall see nothing of that kind again in this generation. With a better feeling in business circles and all other things combining to put us on our feet, there is every reason to look for a more stable prosperity than the country ever enjoyed, under the knowledge gained by its trying experience.

The question of street vending excites much attention, both in the city and before the Legislature. The opposition to it comes from those who prefer that people should visit their stores to buy fruit. Large quantities of fruit are sold at the street stands that would never be consumed if not so conveniently exposed to the people. The venders in all cases are doing their best to live, and they also help the people to break down the spirit of monopoly.

The prospect of war in Europe seems to be growing smaller daily. The London papers think that if the present situation can be maintained for a month, there will be no war at all. The opinion gains ground very fast that neither Russia nor Turkey is particularly desirous of war, but that if they can get themselves out of the present hobble without sacrificing too much pride they will make haste to do it. There has been a deal of warm talk made, with nothing to show for it after all.

The scheme for securing homes for workingmen by the help of loan and building associations is fairly before the Legislature, and it has strong support. Hon. Josiah Quincy specially interests himself in it. It was defeated last year in that body, but its friends have profound faith in the merits of a measure that has visibly wrought such excellent results in other communities, at home and abroad.

An excitement has been suddenly raised in the commercial community by the report from New York, made with an authoritative air, that numerous fraudulent schemes had for some time been in operation, whereby the Treasury of the United States was defrauded of large sums of money that should have formed a part of the customs revenues. Firms in all the leading commercial cities are charged with being accessory. Boston being included. The rumor has called out a denial from the collector of this port, so far as it involves any of the merchants of Boston.

THE TABERNACLE MEETINGS.

The week opened under the most favorable auspices for the evangelists Moody and Sankey, in their proposed work at the new Tabernacle. The building has been filled full from the first day of the services held there. Mr. Moody is an earnest and determined person, who has given his whole life to missionary work, and that is the simple secret of his great success. He discourses with remarkable rapidity, passing from topic to topic without the slightest pause, and raining down upon the understandings of his hearers an incessant fire of argument, illustration and appeal. Yet he is always under decorous restraint, and eschews everything like dramatic methods or accessories. Mr. Sankey's singing is something to feel rather than to criticize. He must be regarded as a necessary companion, with his gift, to Mr. Moody with his. The two are capable of doing a work of the widest good. Not less than seven thousand people listen to them at every religious service; six thousand in the body of the building, and one thousand on the platform for the monster chorus, under the direction of Dr. Tourjee. The work at the Tabernacle has but just begun, and is destined to spread its influence steadily in the community.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The subsidence of the intense party feeling that has existed in all parts of the country for almost seven months past, and particularly for the last three, is succeeded instantly by a very much improved feeling in all business circles. It is a thing to exchange congratulations over. Capital feels a renewal of confidence, industry plucks up hope and courage, and men begin to recognize that there is hard work all waiting to be done for the general recovery from a long three years' stagnation. The great business centres respond unmistakably to the welcome change. With the balance of trade with Europe so surprisingly in our favor; with the home markets so bare of supplies and consequently a ready call for all classes of manufactured goods; with debts liquidated, prices at the bottom, and gold at a premium merely nominal, there is every reason why a new start should be given to business and all forms of industry in the opening of the Spring, and on a basis so sound that it will be permanent.

THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

It looks as if Boston was at last to have with its limits that has long been a necessity not only for dealers and merchants here but for producers and dealers throughout New England. It is an Exchange for the government and regulation of prices of produce. A bill for its creation is now before the Legislature. Both the produce dealers in Boston and numerous others in different parts of the State are understood to be interested in its successful operation. At this Exchange will at all times be accessible the freshest and most reliable intelligence respecting the produce business. A reliable, because authorized, market report daily will be found there. The weekly market reports in the daily papers have been repeatedly criticised for their want of correctness, and are charged with having caused serious inconvenience and losses to those who had to depend on them. All this the projected Exchange is intended to obviate, and it is perfectly easy to see how it will be done.

The expectation is that consumers as well as dealers will be directly benefitted. With a carefully corrected daily market report, the accuracy of the weekly reports would be as nearly assured as possible. The actual quality of different articles of produce offered as merchandise is now not established with clearness enough, and a regular produce exchange would compare and combine the views of all the leading dealers in what relates to price as well as quality, so as to make up a summary and fix a standard that would be eagerly sought after by all persons interested. The egg business, for instance, is a very large and increasing traffic, but it is carried on as loosely and uncommercially as the old barter business, when so many eggs would exchange for so much sugar or tea. And the same almost with the cheese market, which has rapidly cut loose from the old fashioned dairies and connected itself with the creameries, from which butter comes now in increasing quantities. All New England farmers will experience the good effects of a Produce Exchange in this city, and that, too, very soon after it is established.

The President is reported to be preparing a special message to Congress, recommending the passage of a bill for immediate legalization of the specie standard for money. He has very fixed convictions on the subject, which are strengthened by the circumstance that there is now but between five and six per cent. difference between paper and gold, and the important circumstance that the balance of trade with foreign countries will show fully one hundred millions of dollars in our favor, at the end of the current fiscal year, June 30th.

GLADSTONE'S SPEECH.

Everything that Mr. Gladstone says in public in England is listened to and read with extreme interest. Since the Eastern troubles began to appear, his discourses on the foreign politics of England have been caught up with unparalelled eagerness. His latest speech was made on Saturday last, at the town of Taunton, and he handled England's existing relations with Turkey in a plain way, for the universal comprehension. He said that England ought to mind her own business, but that she is interested in the Eastern question because the people had chosen to take an interest in it. The barbarities practised by the Turks in Bulgaria he felt satisfied were infinitely worse than had been told. There has been no exaggeration of them, and there could be none. The whole vocabulary of human language, he said, is insufficient to paint them as they deserve. It is false to say that because the Conference had failed there is no more to be done.

Mr. Gladstone's real opinion is, that as the resources and acts of the people of England had upheld Turkey in the position of power she has so abominably misused, so the responsibility continues to rest on them to exact conduct from Turkey befitting the character and claims of those who have supported her. His staple complaint is that Turkey has not fulfilled her treaty pledges. He charged that the English people, in not curbing Turkey now, became accessories in the maintenance of power marked with, perhaps, the deepest disgrace recorded in the whole history of mankind. This is strong language, but it is a strong man who uses it. For all that, it is not likely that he will be able to arouse so deep an anti-Turkish feeling among the English people as existed a few months ago, but from which there has been a decided reaction. There is no question that all he says about Turkish faithlessness and barbarity is true, yet there are other considerations than those strictly of humanity that govern England in the case, just as they govern the conduct of other nations in like circumstances.

CONGRESS.

The week has been entirely devoted by both branches of Congress to the discussion and passage of the Electoral Commission Bill, which finally passed the Senate by a vote of 47 to 17, and the House by a vote of 191 to 96. It received the President's signature on Monday, a special Message from the Executive accompanying. The Commission of five from each House and five Judges of the Supreme Court has been made up, and the counting of the Electoral Vote commenced on Thursday. The two Houses are to separate on an objection being properly made to the reception of the vote of a State and unless they can agree to reject it, it is to stand. In cases of duplicate electoral votes, the Commission will have them referred to it for decision, as all others, if any, will be. If the decision of the Commission as to which, if either, is the true vote of such State is not set aside by the concurrent vote of the two Houses, it is to stand. The Commission not only will decide whether in such case a State will wholly lose its vote, and in that event whether 185 electoral votes will be necessary for a choice or only a majority of the votes cast. It is expected that the whole business will be determined by the 14th inst., the day originally provided under the Constitution for the counting of the vote by the two Houses. The House has passed the bill abolishing the District Police over the President's veto.

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

The Railroad Commissioners of the State have just presented their annual report to the Legislature. The central feature of interest in their treatment of the Tunnel, is considering to what use it shall be put to make it all it was designed to be. They take hold of the matter by the handle, and say that it is high time to end this local railroad competition and to enlarge the horizon. What would have occupied all our attention in the railroad line twenty-five years ago is of no account whatever now. Instead of bounding our vision by the Hudson River, they tell us it is necessary to extend it to the Mississippi. And with that view, they recommend that the Tunnel be made an essential part of a trunk line to the far interior. Competition with the Boston and Albany Road is not to be thought of, but the struggle is to be with the New York Central itself. For this purpose all New England roads are to be induced to direct their currents into the new trunk line, instead of thinking of competition with it or with one another, and the main purpose is to be for Boston and Massachusetts, and for New England in fact, to get the benefit of the powerful competition of the Erie and Pennsylvania Roads with the New York Central.

THE VERMONT BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

This Board assembled at Wallingford, Vt., on Tuesday of last week, and held day and evening sessions on that and the following by the farmers of the surrounding towns, and the papers read were of interest and importance. Rutland County justly feels proud of these meetings, and expects much of their results. The opening address was made by Prof. Edward J. Hyde, of Wallingford. On the first day, Joseph E. White, Esq., read a paper on "How to Start in Life." John H. Mead, Esq., read an elaborate one on "Sheep Husbandry." In the evening, President Buckman, of the State Agricultural College and University of Vermont, delivered an address on "The Home upon the Farm," and Prof. Seely, Secretary of the State Board, delivered an impressive lecture on "The Original Vermont Plough," which was a discussion of the ice-drifts as the great plough employed by Providence for preparing the earth for successful cultivation. On Wednesday, "Farm Accounts" was the theme of a carefully prepared paper by Albert Chapman, Esq., of Middlebury, brief but packed with practical suggestions. A history of the organization and work of the Agricultural Department at Washington was also read by A. G. Stone, Esq., of the *Wallingford Standard*. Dr. Hitt read an essay on 'The Farmer's Body," which provoked a discussion in which President Buckman Major Rounds of Wallingford, and others participated. A paper on "Milk, its Structure and Peculiarities" was also read by Hon. F. D. Douglass, of Whiting, which was a production of great practical value. In the evening, Ora Paul, Esq., of Pomfret, presented a paper on "Recent Legislation affecting Farmers." Henry Clark, Esq., of Rutland, finally delivered an address on "Vermont's Hundred Years." The series of meetings of the Board was regarded by all who participated as profitable and enjoyable in a high degree, and full of promise for the cause of agriculture in Vermont.

VERMONT DAIRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

The eighth annual meeting of this Association at Burlington, on the 17th inst., was an occasion of interest to a very wide agricultural community, and to those who are in the habit of studying cause and effect from the market point of view. The convention continued through two days and occupied in all six sessions. There was a succession of addresses and discussions appropriate to the meetings, which were conducted by representatives from different States. How to feed cows for milk, the care of the animal the art of churning, the diseases of the dairy cow, creameries, dairy implements, Agricultural Colleges, soiling, and other kindred subjects were successfully treated in the presence of audiences that manifested their prompt appreciation of what they heard. The dairymen of Vermont are alive to all that bears upon the important interest which they have taken under their special care, and the result of their discussions and councils cannot fail to be of permanent profit to all producers of milk, cheese and butter throughout New England.

"THE GRANGE" AT PEPPERELL.

The Patrons of Husbandry of Middlesex County are manifesting renewed energy in promoting the interests of the order. On the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 24, the members of "Prescott" Grange met at Grange Hall, Pepperell, to receive instruction in the secret work of the order from State Deputy, Benjamin P. Ware, and on Thursday evening, they held a public meeting at the Town Hall, for installation of the officers. The installation service was administered by Brother Ware, who prefaced it by an address upon the origin, growth and present condition of the order. The speaker gave an account of its purposes and objects, especially emphasizing the importance of giving more attention to the cultivation of the high moral teachings, the educational and charitable aims of the order, making the financial benefits however great they may be, a secondary consideration. He pointed out some of the difficulties that have prevented the receiving the best results of the business arm of the order that have been anticipated, showing conclusively that where disappointments existed, they were caused by the failure of Granges to improve the opportunities that had been given them. Although the first conception of the order was with O. H. Kelly, Esq., and Wm. Saunders, Esq., of Washington in 1867, it did not fairly get into active operation until 1871. As early as 1870, Massachusetts influence was sought for and obtained. The Hon. Daniel Needham was prevailed upon to accept the position of General Deputy for all the New England States. Editorials also appeared in the *Ploughman*, which were reprinted and circulated extensively throughout the far West, tending to promote the rapid growth there, and which in turn reacted subsequently in an increased interest in this section, and to the establishment of a large number of Granges in Massachusetts and the other New England States; and up to Jan. 1st, 1876, there had been issued in the United States, 24,235 charters to subordinate Granges, and a total membership of nearly one and a half millions.

When the installation offices were performed, the large assembly, composed of members of the Brotherhood from Groton, Dunstable, Nashua and contiguous places, and of invited guests not members of the Order, was invited to partake of a generous collation which had been thoughtfully provided by the ladies of the Prescott Grange. The long quartette of dining-tables that occupied the body of the Hall were filled without further delay, by a company rendered doubly appreciative by a long ride in the sparkling wintry air. The toasts before them were discussed with eager appetites, after they were partly appeased enough remained untouched to warrant a large extension of hospitality if there had been any present to enjoy it.

Supper being finished, addresses were in order, all of which furnished sincere enjoyment to the listeners. Some appropriate verses were also read by a young lady, combining wit, pleasantry and good sound sense in equal proportions. Excellent singing by the Grange choir next followed, that wonderfully enhanced the universal enjoyment. The Pepperell brass band likewise discoursed some of its most bewitching strains, and on clearing the floor waltzes and marches were included in by such as felt an inclination to that engaging pastime. In this manner was closed one of the most thoroughly enjoyable evenings, among the many of a similar character, that have marked the history of the Grange, all of them the natural outgrowth of the social relations of this excellent organization of the farmers.

The Ashtabula Bridge disaster is all accounted for. It was of course owing to the worthless character of the bridge itself. And that came from bad work and unreliable contracts. The testimony, so far as gathered shows a recklessness, a greed, and an ignorance of the science of construction, that could with unerring certainty have foretold just such a dreadful catastrophe as actually occurred. The material used was insufficient; the builder was himself incompetent; he even told the company so, but was given the plans and told to go ahead; and so on to the disaster. There could be no murder much more deliberate.

THE WINTER.

Well, and here we all are on the last calendar month of Winter, and less than four weeks more of it before the incoming of the month when the bluebirds are due. After so protracted a season of cold weather, almost without a break since December, it is no more than reasonable to expect an early spring. At any rate, when "the stormy March" does come we may feel that we have got the sun so far round to the north that January weather will be out of the question. The skies will then resume their native blue, and the chirrupy little birds of the same beautiful color seem precisely in harmony with the change. February is going to clear up a good many things that have hung along as persistently as the Winter. To see the hot beds started and the seeds sown is a pleasing encouragement, for it suggests the long series of out door enjoyments that are folded away in the season that is to come. Hard as the present season has been for all, and for the suffering poor in particular, it has gone quickly and all the more smoothly for the ground's being covered so steadily with snow.

HORSE CLIPPING.

at this time much remark on both sides. The advocates of clipping insist that besides making animals look better, it is really a relief to them. They hold that the furzy winter coat is just what the horse needs to have taken off. It seems strange, however, that the same hairy coats that require removal in the winter should be all right on their backs during the summer. Yet this is the real inconsistency of the matter. Not all horses get the same benefit from grooming. Nor do they all receive an equal amount of attention. Some men claim that no possible persistence in grooming will make the coat look as well on as the horse himself looks with it off. In the latter case, it is really the *skin* of the animal that shows, its very color being revealed. That alone would seem to decide the question of inhuman treatment. We at least know that nature provides for a removal of the horse's coat, and that is a suggestion that rather appears to be intended for a rule. Yet if, as is claimed, the horse *likes* the clipping, there is not so much of course to be said against it.

Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith, of New York, in the course of his lectures in New York on the social vices, comes to the conclusion that the world is growing better, and not worse. In respect to the vice of intemperance, he insists that very much can be done to eradicate it by paying better attention to the tenements occupied by the poor. A thorough improvement in their domestic surroundings, he feels confident, will improve their morals and elevate their characters also. There is more in this practical view of the case than might at the first glance be supposed.

READ AND RUN.

— Efforts are making in Southern Berkshire to get up a colony of settlers for Virginia.

— A man in Sturbridge, Mass.,—so the story goes—sold his cow to the butcher as his last hope of keeping his family off the town; the butcher whispered the secret to a creditor of the man in distress, who stepped in and took the proceeds, and let the poor debtor go upon the town if he could'nt do any better.

— The ice companies on the Kennebec River are mostly through with the harvesting of their crop, and report a quality secured this season that has never been equalled in their experience.

— The Aroostook farmers received very nearly one hundred thousand dollars for what potatoes they have sold from the last season's crop to the starch factories.

— The feeling in the business community is one of greatly improved confidence and hopefulness.

— The newly appointed minister from France, Mr. Outrey, will leave for this country next week.

— Prince Milan, of Servia, has expressed a desire for the commencement of peace negotiations with Turkey.

— The Pope has been seriously indisposed.

— The peculiar feature of the European situation now is, that both the Czar and the Sultan desire peace, and that is what all Europe wants besides.

— J. B. Ford & Co., publishers of New York, have gone into bankruptcy the second time.

— One steamer that sailed from New York last Saturday took out fifty tons of grape-vine cuttings for France.

— Prince Gortschakoff, of Russia, though on the very verge of the grave, puts up a voice for war with Turkey.

— A reduction of fare on all the Philadelphia street-railroads is promised on the 1st of February. It is not Centennial year there now.

— A company is about to be started in Lockport, N. Y., for the purpose of heating the houses, churches, shops, and offices of that place by steam. If successful, it is pretty likely to be imitated very soon in a good many other places.

— Work on the new building for Trinity College, Hartford, is progressing finely in spite of the winter weather.

— The New State Prison for Rhode Island has already cost a quarter of a million, and another hundred thousand is asked for in order to complete it.

— Bismark was sick and laid up with a bad cold, for several days in the first part of last month.

— At a Fifth Avenue reception in New York, one evening last week, invitations were issued for fifteen hundred guests.

— Dr. Brown-Sequard says that coughing may be prevented by pressing on the nerves of the lips near the nose, by pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, and by pressing very hard on the top of the mouth.

— Valentines are beginning to break out in all colors, in the shop windows.

— Oysters have been arriving in great quantities at this port, and prices are low at present.

— Free churches are slowly coming into fashion, and may in time be expected at least to equal the others in number.

— Numbers of laboring men are emigrating from this city to Florida.

— Business is becoming brisk in the East Boston ship yards.

— The Massachusetts Horticultural Society begins on Saturday to give the prize exhibitions of the year, when prizes will be given for cyclamens and for table designs other than basket.

— Harper & Brothers, of New York, have made a generous donation of books to Lasell Seminary, at Auburndale.

— Moody, the evangelist, is forty years old and Sankey is thirty-four.

— The State Railroad Commissioners discuss the locomotive whistling nuisance, in their recent report.

— That two million dollar opera house that has been talked of in New York is not likely to see the sunlight at present.

— A Philadelphia journal refers to a barber of that city who advertises "silent shaves." Very desirable, if any are.

— The great revival movement in Boston began with the exercises at the Tabernacle last Sunday afternoon. They are continuing from day to day accompanied with noon prayer-meetings at Tremont Temple and elsewhere.

— The rumor now runs that the Turks are willing to sell Palestine.

— In Russia there are estimated to be eight millions of dissenters.

— The story goes that Chief Justice Waite wears the biggest hat in Washington.

— It is ascertained that Skye terriers have been smuggled into New York at a famous rate of profit to somebody.

— Twenty-five button gloves are the top-button rage in London.

— For twelve nights in succession ice has formed in St. Augustine, Florida; and the Northern people who have gone down there for warm weather are said to be packing up for the equator.

— Eight millions of cigars are credited by some sort of a census taker to the consumption of the American people as their daily allowance.

— Russia is ordering agricultural implements, as well as arms, of the United States.

— Signor Blitz, the well-known exhibiting magician, died in Philadelphia last Sunday, at the age of sixty-seven.

— Gladstone's speech on England's relations to Turkey and war has created a decided impression in England.

— A sponge has been found in Florida that is twelve feet in circumference and weighs nineteen pounds.

— Wm. H. Lyon, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been appointed one of the Indian Commissioners by the President.

— The explosion and blaze that startled everybody at South Boston, last Friday evening, was heard and seen as far off as Cape Cod.

— A lady in Canton, Ohio, has been chosen a bank director. She is the second one in the country, the other one being a lady in Peoria, Ill.

— The Indiana Senate has passed a bill forbidding any change in text books for schools oftener than once in six years.

— The Commissioner of Indian Affairs is receiving complaints that the Indians in the Northwest are in dire need of food and clothing, and that there is no supply to distribute from, owing to a deficiency in the appropriations.

— Speaker Randall gave one hundred loaves of bread to the poor of Washington.

— The average daily attendance on week days at the Catholic churches in this city is estimated to be about nine thousand.

— The convicts in State Prison last Saturday numbered 761.

— Young Mr. Montgomery Scars, the millionaire of this city, will enter a lawyer's office after graduating at Yale this summer, and qualify himself for taking the personal charge of his immense property.

— Several Japanese students are at the Institute of Technology, qualifying themselves to be engineers.

— President Grant with a good many others, is of opinion that we can as well decree specie payments now as to wait any longer. The difference between gold and paper is merely nominal.

— Attorney-General Taft and his family were run away with in Washington, but no one was hurt.

— Queen Victoria has appointed British Minister Thornton and his family were so well satisfied with their summer experience in Berkshire last year, that they propose to repeat it next season.

— George Eliot has gone to France to pass the winter, and she is reported to have begun a new novel.

— The Supreme Court at Washington has adjourned to February 18th.

— Twenty years ago Mr. Moody, the evangelist, tended a shoe store in Court Street, in this city.

— Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, has fully recovered from his recent poisoning from eating partridge in Baltimore.

— The present session of the Legislature promises to develope decided interest in connection with railroad schemes.

— The New Orleans *Picayune* has just passed its fortieth birthday.

— King Carnival is steadily moving northward across the country from New Orleans.

— Massachusetts is one of the nine States that pay the Post Office Department more than it takes from it.

— The humanity of clipping horses has again come up as a subject for general discussion.

— Friday of the present week is Candlemas Day.

— St. John, N. B., sent last Friday over thirty tons of salmon and smelt to this market, by the Eastern Railroad.

— The accident business from coasting continues active and severe.

— Dr. Hartshorn, who has just died in Providence, once gave to Daniel Webster a fee of $25,000 in a rubber case.

☞ The *Annual Circular* and Retail Catalogue of warranted vegetable and flower seeds grown and sold by Jas. J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass., is out for 1877, and will assist many persons to the selections which the time approaches for them to make for the new season. It is a handsome catalogue, and is sent free.

☞ *The Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Health Almanac*, for 1877, is on our table, bearing an instructive list of contents. Among the articles is one, with portraits, of American women who are eminent as journalists. There is much that is valuable in directing towards health, in this issue. Published by S. R. Wells & Co., New York.

☞ *The Oaklawn Stud* of Percheron-Norman Horses, makes up a fine descriptive catalogue. M. W. Dunham, Esq., is the importer and breeder of these superior farming animals, at Wayne, Du Page Co., Illinois. The catalogue will supply many timely hints for all who want horses.

☞ *The Shakers' Illustrated Seed Catalogue* is received from Charles Siser, Mount Lebanon, N. Y. It is well worth looking over with care at this season.

☞ *The Advertiser's Guide* is a new pamphlet circular by N. W. Ayer & Son, of Philadelphia. It is a magazine devoted to the interest of advertisers, and will help them out in their plans for bringing themselves and their goods before the public.

☞ *The Nursery Premium List* is supplementary to the popular *Nursery*, and shows what its publisher has got to offer to new subscribers, and a most tempting list of good things for the children it is.

☞ We have the Spring Catalogue of new and rare Plants for 1877, including greenhouse and bedding plants, grown and for sale by Storrs, Harrison & Co., Painesville, Ohio.

☞ **The Pharmacopœia** affords an antacid comparable to **Milk of Magnesia**, a most salutary regulator of the stomach and bowels, a preventive and remedy for gout, rheumatism and bladder complaints, and a special blessing to children. Sold by druggists.

☞ The Russian Court invited Dr. Ayer and his family to the Archduke's wedding in the Royal Palace. This distinction was awarded him not only because he was an American, but also because his name as a physician had become favorably known in Russia on its passage round the world —*Pueblo (Col.) People.*

☞ *Brigham and Holiace*, Dentist, at 28 Winter street, offer a peculiar style of teeth to those who require them. They insert them without lining the roof of the mouth with a plate, which is of course a great relief from the old method.

FRANK MILLER'S HARNESS OIL received the highest and only award at the Centennial Exhibition.

VEGETINE.—When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the Vegetine will renew the blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE.—Our readers will find the catalogue of J. J. H. Gregory's well known seed house advertised in our columns. For freshness and reliability of the seed sent out and enterprise in introducing choice new vegetables to the public, Mr. Gregory is endorsed by his prominent fellow-townsmen of the United States; as recommendations from over forty States and Territories, to be found on the cover of his catalogue, amply attests.

A VALUABLE GIFT.—To every reader of the *Ploughman*, who is sick or has an invalid friend that will be interested, we say, send a book which will explain how scrofula and other chronic diseases may be permanently cured by a simple process of nature. Address P. O., Box 1627, Boston, Mass.

☞ The card of the Mercantile Savings Institution of Boston, which appears in another column, will attract the attention of those having surplus funds which they desire safely invested. With a reserve capital of $200,000 it would seem that nothing could be safer than this well-known institution.

A FAVORABLE NOTORIETY.—The good reputation of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for the relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases, has given them a favorable notoriety.

FRANK MILLER'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE and Water Proof Blacking received the highest and only award at the Centennial Exhibition.

LIONS ABOUT!

It is a dangerous thing to trifle with a cold. A darkey preacher once told his hearers that he thanked God, "that the devil went about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour. He might catch a poor fellow who didn't know that he was near him; but when he heard the roar he could get out of the way; if he didn't, he deserved to die." So when one hears the wheeze or the cough which are the sure indications of consumption lurking around, he should fly to DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, and get out of the way of danger. This remedy, after a trial of fifty has been tried nearly fifty years, and is acknowledged by all who use it to be unsurpassed in its soothing and healing properties.

50 cents and $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists

OVER GAITERS.—The patrons of the *Ploughman*, desiring gaiters or leggings for the purposes of the farm, for hunting and riding, or for ordinary dress wear, can have them suitably made by the Blodgett Over-Gaiter Company, 465 Washington Street. They are the oldest house in the business in Boston, and their goods are to be obtained at any first-class boot and shoe store in America. Purchasers should ask for Blodgett's Gaiters.

THE CLEAR OF THE TABLE.—When Nature provides organs like the tongue and palate, so wonderfully labyrinthed with nerves of the most exquisite sensibility, she evidently intended that the pleasure of taste should be as much cultivated and as highly enjoyed as those for music or fine arts, and we always find in the most refined natures a love for the delicate in flavor and delicious in taste. It would be impossible to discern throughout the whole category of table sauces one more delightful, whether for hot or cold dishes, the simplest chop, or the most elaborate *ragout* than Halford's Leicestershire Table Sauce, manufactured by the Harveys of Worcester, and of Boston. This combination of pungent spices, aromatic extracts, and delicious zests, has received the highest praise from the leading connoisseurs of the most fashionable hotels, club houses and restaurants.—*Davenport Democrat.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

State Street, 3 P. M., Jan. 31, 1877.

	OFFERED.	ASKED
American Gold	103½	104
Boston Land Co	4½	5
Boston Water Power Company	6¼	6½
Brooklyn Land	4	5
Eastern Railroad S. F. 7s	—	—
Boston, Hartford & Erie R. R. 1st 6s	16	16½
Boston & Albany Railroad	127½	—
Boston & Maine Railroad	99½	100
Cheshire, Sandy & Cleveland R. R.	4½	5
Eastern Railroad	5½	5¾
Metropolitan Railroad	—	—
Michigan Central Railroad	48	48
Old Colony Railroad	102½	102¾
Rutland Railroad, preferred	7½	—
Vermont & Canada Railroad	16	—

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ A penny saved here and there counts up at the end of the year. Buy only SILVER TIPPED Shoes and you will save dollars instead.

Also try Wire Quilted Soles. feb3-1t

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Jan. 24, by Rev. Dr. Lathrop, Walter I. Harwood to Lillie I. Mackie.

In this city (Highlands,) Jan. 29, by Rev. Henry M. King, Mr. Frederick L. Allison to Mrs. Emma A. Delmar, daughter of the late Isaac M. Barrett, Esq.

In Cliftondale, Jan. 24, by Rev. T. W. Ilman, Mr. George M. Amerige to Miss Mary L. Hawkes, both of Saugus.

In Worcester, Jan. 24, by Rev. E. A. Titus, Herbert W. Baird to Mrs. Bessie Barnes, all of Worcester.

In Gloucester, Jan. 23, by Rev. J. M. English, Mr. Herbert M. Fears to Miss Nellie G. Hodgkins.

In Gloucester, Jan. 23, by Rev. M. C. Gage, Mr. William Preston to Miss Amelia F. Shepherd.

In New Bedford, Jan. 28, by Rev. T. R. Green, Mr. Walter E. Trafton of Somerset, to Miss Ida M. Gray of New Bedford.

In Vineyard Haven, Mass., Jan. 29, by Rev. E. Tirrell, Mr. Josiah L. Crowell of Somerville, to Miss Lucy F. Kingsbury, of Tisbury.

DEATHS.

In this city, Jan. 26, Elijah C. Dyer, 69 years.

Jan. 26, Mrs. Eliza Agnes Parkman.

Jan. 28, Mrs. B. R. Caswell, wife of Rev. Lewis E. Caswell, 75 years 10 months.

Jan. 28, Capt. Martin Winsor of Duxbury, 82 years 2 months 24 days.

William J. Daily, 31 years, late of Co E., 12th Regiment Mass. Vols.

Jan. 29, by Rev. D. W. Waldron, John D. Talbot to Margaret A. Hosford, both of Boston.

Jan. 29, by Rev. Mr. Steele, Mr. Charles Pierce to Miss Hattie A. Brown.

In Boston Highlands, Jan. 30, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett, widow of the late Daniel Barrett, Esq., 84 yrs.

In Cambridge, Jan. 29, Mrs. Hannah Heath, 83 yrs.

In East Boston, Jan. 24, Mrs. Eliza F. Underwood, wife of the late Dr. Josiah Underwood of Hingham, 74 years.

In Newton, Jan. 31, J. Wiley Edmands, 67 years 11 months.

In Hingham, Jan. 27, Mary E., daughter of the late Mr. William Baylies, 39 years.

In Chelsea, Jan. 26, Mrs Martha J. Lothrop, 57.

In Chelsea, Jan. 30, Nathaniel Ellsworth, 80 years 2 months.

In Randolph, Mass., Jan. 31, Mrs. Eunice Whitcomb, widow of the late Joseph Whitcomb, 83 years.

In Reading, Jan. 19, William Balch, Esq., 84 years 1 month 19 days.

In Lancaster, Jan. 3, Jacob Fisher, 82 years.

In Brookline, Jan. 29, Mrs. Sarah Spalding, widow of Dea. Benjamin Spalding of Boston, in her 77th year.

In Newtonville, Jan. 29, Clarissa Bryant, widow of the late Nathaniel Bryant, 92 years.

In Abington, Jan. 25, Benjamin Hobart, Esq., 95 years 3 months 1 day.

In Wakefield, Jan. 23, Mrs Sarah F. Moreman, 30 years 2 months, 6 days.

In Lexington, Jan. 28, Ady F. Sawyer, daughter of George Sawyer, formerly of Boston.

In Peabody, Jan. 26, Joseph E. Goldthwait, 46 yrs.

In Leominster, Mass., Mrs Martha W. Haynes, 59 years 8 months 11 days.

In New Bedford, Jan. 2, James Nelid, 55 years 3 months.

In New Bedford, Jan. 23, Robert A. Brown, 38 yrs.

In Norton, Jan. 24, Davis Scott, formerly of Fall River, 77 years.

In North Bellingham, Mass., Jan. 25, Mrs. Julia B., wife of Peletiah Smith, 67 years.

In Worcester, Jan. 27, Alfred A. Wesson, formerly of Grafton, 75 years 10 days.

In Shrewsbury, Jan. 27, R. S. Reed, 39 years 7 months 3 days.

In Paxton, Jan. 27, wife of John A. Cummings, 80 years 4 months.

In Vineyard Haven, Jan. 24, Capt. Robert Soper, late of Providence, 64 years 7 months 18 days.

In Barre, Mass., Jan. 24, William White, in his 72d year.

In Exeter, N. H., Jan. 28, Mrs. Eleazar, widow of the late Nathaniel Tucker Gordon, 82 years.

In Laconia, N. H., Jan. 26, Mr. J. Clark Hayes, 78 years.

In Providence, R. I., Jan. 28, John Donnelly, 56.

THE LEGISLATURE.

A petition has been presented in the House for the passage of a law disfranchising all persons found guilty of drunkenness. The loan and building scheme is pressing its way again to legislative attention. The Insurance Commissioner, in obedience to an order of the House, has presented a list of suggestions relative to legislation on the subject of insurance. The railway committees are beginning to find work. The bill to amend the provisions of the highway tax has passed the House to be engrossed. A proposition has been introduced in the Senate, fixing the minimum of imprisonment in the State Prison at three years, instead of one. The committee on roads and bridges have a petition before them for permitting the use of steam vehicles upon highways. The various committees have been off on their respective investigations.

THE ELECTORAL BILL.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate of the United States:

I follow the example heretofore occasionally presented of communicating to this mode my approval of the act to provide for and regulate the counting of the vote for President and Vice President and the decision of the questions arising thereon, because of my appreciation of the imminent peril to the institutions of the country, from which, in my judgment, the act affords a wise and constitutional means of escape. For the first time in the history of our country, under the Constitution, as it now is, a dispute exists with regard to the result of the election of the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

It is understood that upon the disposition of the disputes touching the Electoral votes cast in the late election by one or more of the States depends the question whether one or the other of the candidates for the Presidency is the lawful Chief Magistrate. The importance of having clearly ascertained by a procedure regulated by law which of the two citizens has been elected, and of having the right of this high office recognized and cheerfully agreed in by all the people of the Republic cannot be over estimated, and leads me to express to Congress and to the nation my great satisfaction at the adoption of a measure that affords an early means for the decision of a gravely exciting question. While the history of our country in its earlier period shows that the President of the Senate has counted the votes and declared their standing, our whole history shows that in no instance of doubt or dispute has he exercised the power of deciding, and that the two houses of Congress have disposed of all such doubts and disputes, although in no instance hitherto have they been such that their discussion could essentially have affected the result.

For the first time, then, the Government of the United States is now brought to meet the questions as one vital to the result, and this under conditions of the best calculated to produce an agreement, or to induce calm thought in the several branches of the Government, or among the people of the country. In a case where, as now, the result is invoked, it is the duty of every law-making power to provide in advance a constitutional, orderly and just method of executing the Constitution in this most interesting and critical of its provisions. The setting up, as far from being a compromise of right, is an enforcement of the right and an execution of the powers conferred by the Constitution in Congress. I think that this orderly method has been secured by the bill, which, appealing to the Constitution and the law as the guide in ascertaining rights, provides a tribunal of competent authority. There returns through the direct action of Congress, and in respect to double returns by a tribunal of inquiry, whose decisions shall stand unless both houses of Congress shall, when acting, determine otherwise, thus securing a definite disposition of all questions of dispute in whatever aspect they may arise. With or without this law, as all of the States have voted, and as they will vote, it is impossible, it must be that one of the two candidates has been elected, and it would be deplorable to witness an angry contro[illegible] as to which of the two should receive, or which should continue to hold the office.

In all periods of history controversies have arisen as to the successor or choice of the chief of States, and no party or citizen, loving their country and its free institutions, can sacrifice too much of mere feeling in preserving, through the upright action of the law, that country from the smallest danger to its peace on such an occasion, and it cannot be impressed too firmly in the hearts of all the people that true liberty and real progress can exist only through a cheerful adherence to constitutional law.

The bill purports to provide only for the settlement of questions arising from the late elections. The fact that such questions can arise demonstrates the necessity, which I cannot doubt will before long be supplied, of permanent general legislation to meet cases which have not been contemplated in the Constitution or laws of the country.

The bill may not be perfect and its provisions may not be such as would be best applicable to all future occasions, but it is calculated to meet the present condition of the question and of the country. It meets

☞ *Sidonie*, from the French of Alphonse Daudet, is a novel that is exciting a great deal of talk among readers of fiction. It has been dramatized for a Paris theatre, and as a story has had a very large sale in France and Europe. The critics claim for it that it is a production that will not go out of fashion, or perish with the flowers of spring. The author has been called "a novelist lined with a poet," and has been compared with Bret Harte; but the latter, it is alleged, could never have written "Sidonie." The characteristics of this story are delicacy and pathos of sentiment, purity of style, vividness of imagination, and distinctness of creation. The novel was both a surprise and a success. Though the plot is simple, the story is so intensely interesting that it went through twenty editions in Paris at a single bound. It is published, in an excellent translation, in what is a really beautiful style by Estes & Lauriat.

☞ An advance copy of Vol. III of the *Massachusetts Census* has been sent us by Carroll D. Wright, Esq., Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, which is devoted to "Agricultural Products and Property." No collection of statistics of equal interest has ever been made for the farmers of Massachusetts or New England. It forms a perfect library of vital facts in agricultural experience. We shall draw from this treasury in future articles which we shall present to the readers of the *Ploughman*. There is instruction for all in what these voluminous returns offer for their thoughtful inspection.

☞ *Mental Powers of Insects, Part XII*, by A. S. Packard, Jr., is just out from the enterprising press of Estes & Lauriat, and forms a part of the "Half-Hour Recreations in Natural History," which completes a full volume. The perusal of these "Recreations" is better than the reading of novels, for recreation and instruction are happily combined.

☞ *The Semi-Tropical* has a generously varied table of contents for February, of both original and selected matter. Among the articles are the conclusion of Florida as a Health Resort, M. F. Maury, Politics of Agriculture, and Death and Decay, the two latter by the editor. The editorial department is itself skillfully made up and touches a great many current topics in which the public mind is interested.

☞ The *Transactions of the Essex Agricultural Society* for 1876, with the 54th annual Address, by Cyrus M. Tracy, is published by order of the Society, and makes a substantial and handsome pamphlet volume, full of interest and instruction.

New Advertisements.

SILVERWARE AS PREMIUMS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

A $4 Set of Extra Plated SILVER SPOONS

Given away as a Special Premium to the subscribers of this paper. Silver Goods furnished under this Premium Proposition are from the well known and reliable Union Silver Plating Co., Cincinnati, O.

Under a very favorable proposition from the above well known house, all regular patrons of this paper can secure a useful and beautiful, as well a very valuable Premium, in the shape of a handsome set of **Extra Plated Silver Spoons,** warranted equal to the best article of the kind sold in this country for $4 per set. And in addition, **each spoon will be handsomely engraved with your monogram initial.**

All who are entitled to receive this elegant and useful Premium can do so on compliance with the following conditions:—Send your name and post-office address, together with your express office, to the Union Silver Plating Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, together with the following Premium Coupon, and inclose with your order 75 cts., to pay cost of engraving your initials, express charges, boxing, and packing, and you will receive by return express (or mail, if you have no express office) a full set of extra plated Silver Spoons, free of any charge. All express and packing charges are covered by the 75 cts., and the Spoons will be delivered to you **free.** If you do not desire to have the spoons engraved, you are only required to send 60 cts., to pay expressage and boxing. The coupon must in all cases be sent, to indicate that you are entitled to this premium, as this very liberal offer is not extended to any one who is not a patron of this paper. The retail price of this set of spoons is $4.00, as the following letter will show:

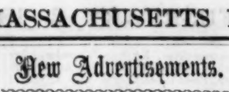
OFFICE OF UNION SILVER PLATING CO., } CINCINNATI, OHIO.

We assure all subscribers that the goods contracted for are first-class in every respect, and that the usual retail price for them is $4.00 per set. Our lowest price to jobbers is $36.00 per dozen sets, and we will in no case retail them at any price, or send them in single sets to any one who does not send the "Coupon," showing that the sender is a patron of this paper.

UNION SILVER PLATING CO.

Premium Silver Spoon Coupon.

PREMIUM Silverware



Warranted Extra SILVER PLATE.

To the Union Silver Plating Co., Cincinnati, O.: This is to certify that I am a subscriber of the paper named below, and that this Coupon, and am entitled, under your premium arrangement, to a full set of extra plated silver Spoons, with my initials engraved thereon. I inclose herewith 75 cts., to pay express, packing, boxing, and engraving of same. Send

☞ On receipt of this Coupon, we hereby agree to return to the sender, *express or mail-to charges prepaid*, a full set of extra plated Silver Spoons, with the initials of the sender, or any other initials desired, engraved thereon. ☞ This Coupon will be honored by us for ninety days from the date of this paper, after which it will be null and void.

UNION SILVER PLATING CO., Cincinnati, O.

As soon as the necessary stock can be manufactured, all who secure the above useful and valuable premiums, will be permitted to secure a full set of silver plated knives and forks, on the same liberal basis.

feb3-1t

New Advertisements.

H. J. BAKER & BRO.,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,

215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

Sulphate of Ammonia,
Dissolved Bone,
Sulphate of Potash,
Muriate of Potash,
Nitrate of Potash,
Nitrate of Soda,
Pure Ground Bone,
Sulphate of Magnesia,
Forrester's Potato and
Corn Fertilizers.

Chemicals for the Formulas of M. Geo. Ville and Professor Stockbridge.

Our Circular containing full information, mailed to all applicants. feb3-eowlt

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

Having discovered, in a manner which might be considered almost providential, a positive cure for Consumption and Lung Complaints, I feel it my duty to make it known in a practical manner by furnishing a sample bottle, free of charge, to all sufferers, my only hope of remuneration being that the medicine will perform all I claim for it. The ingredients are of the most healing and powerful properties, and will be sent free to all. Address at once, **Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN,** 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

AGENTS WANTED in every town in the United states. **C. W. GUY,** feb3-1t **33 Bedford St. Boston.**

MERCANTILE SAVINGS INSTITUTION

No. 581 Washington Street, Boston.

Deposits made in this Institution will draw interest quarterly, the dividends payable the first April, July, October and January in each year. Dividends payable in July and January. The Trustees have also to be in duly and legally authorized to guarantee the fund of $200,000 for the protection of its depositors, in addition to the amount required to be set aside semi-annually by the new Savings Bank law. feb3-2t

FARMERS' HATS and CAPS,

AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

BEE HIVE,

feb3 1t*oo **370 Washington St.,** cor Water.

New Milch Cows Wanted.

High Grades or Thoroughbred Ayrshires, must be good milkers. Address, stating price, quantity of milk, &c., JOHN H. EASTON, Olneyville, R. I. feb3-1t*

DEAFNESS CURED.

Even in cases of long standing and apparently hopeless.

DISCHARGES FROM THE EAR, From whatever cause, permanently healed. CATARRH, OFFENSIVE BREATH, Throat Affections, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., radically cured, and all diseases of the EYE,

Whether requiring medical or surgical aid, successfully attended to by

DR. A. P. LIGHTHILL,

3 Tremont Place, rear of **Tremont House.**

Hours from 9 till 2. jan6

THE ROGERS UPRIGHT PIANO,

With the **Elliott Patent Tuning Slide** and **Patent Action,** is, without doubt, the best and most durable piano ever made. Special inducements to the trade. Pianos purchased now to buy elsewhere before you have examined these instruments at

608 Washington Street.

New Advertisements.

PROPRIETARY MEDICINES

OF

DR. CHANDLER, F.R.S.A.,

Late Physician to St. George's and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals. London. Curator to St. Elizabeth's, etc.

After years of the most laborious research and investigation, and after the practical application in treatment to thousands of patients, Geo. Chandler, A.M., M.D., now presents to the American public the following remedies, his sole discovery and property, the efficacy of which is attested in the voluminous quantity of testimonials, the unsolicited offerings of suffering and discouraged patients, who have not only received relief and benefit from their continued use, but have been radically cured of ailments and chronic complaints, which have been adjudged by the most eminent physicians as hopeless.

THE WONDERFUL EGYPTIAN BLOOD-PURIFIER.

HÆMAR.

This incomparable DEPURATIVE is a powerful ALTERATIVE, TONIC, DIAPHORETIC, DIAPHORETIC, and APERIENT, combining virtues which render it invaluable and unequalled. Its use if its continued use will thoroughly eradicate all disease of the blood. Its ingredients are of a purely harmless extraction, the products gathered from remote Egyptian provinces, and are there known to the slightest taint of disease in the system, it never fails in ejecting that disease through the medium of the skin, or expelling it through the many and various channels of the body, thereby allowing, and, indeed, forcing all the organs into their proper normal and functional condition. A very brief space of time will convince any patient using it, of its undoubted reliability and wonderful curative properties, it being, most unquestionably, the very acme of medical triumphs, and the greatest discovery of the present age, in the treatment of every disease where the blood itself is primarily the seat of the lesion or disorder, such as SCROFULA and the thousand and one causes that lead to this terrible affliction, of which all civilized communities are cognizant, for Biblical Truth has asserted that "the life of the flesh is in the blood," a visit even unto the third and fourth generation, and "WOE UNTO THE SINFUL AND ENFEEBLED CONSTITUTIONS it is a powerful rejuvenator, causing the wreck of ruin once more to ascend the throne of manhood.

Thousands of Testimonials attest the truth of these claims.

Price, One Dollar, in large bottle, or six bottles, $5.

DYSPEPSIA.

GASTRON.

GASTRON is a safe, speedy, and positive cure for that most depressing of ailments, and a brief course of treatment will restore the digestive organs to their pristine strength, and promote the healthy action of the stomach and liver. The nervous irritability of literary and all persons pursuing a sedentary life, is speedily removed by this agent. The stomach is restored to health and the keynote of the system will once more respond to the performance of healthy functions.

Price, One Dollar, in large bottle, or six bottles, $5.

BRONCHITIS AND LUNG AFFECTIONS.

TRACHEON.

A slight so-called cold will oftimes lead to a serious cough, which, uncared for or badly treated, must have but one result—it must terminate in the dread evil of BRONCHITIS, or what is worse, the deadly CONSUMPTION. To all suffering from harassing cough, or any expectoration, TRACHEON offers a sound, reliable, and permanent relief. It soothes the irritation, and enables the patient to expel that terrible septic deposit, which, if left without judicious treatment, must communicate its poison to the vesicular substance of the lung, degenerating and destroying that most essential of organs, and ultimates only in an early and untimely death. TRACHEON has no equal, much less a superior, and its use will not only remove the deposit, thereby affording great relief, but leave the membranes that lines the patient in possession of healthy lung tissue.

Price, Fifty Cents per bottle, or six bottles, $2.50.

PILES. Hemorrhoids. PILON.

Many causes tend to produce this painful and distressing affection, a torpid liver is retarded in its return; the too frequent use of drastic purgatives tends to produce congestion of the bowels, and the seat of the liver, and numerous other causes are the source of this complaint, and hitherto nothing of any benefit has been presented to the public, which would rapidly alleviate symptoms, and ultimately effect a cure. In PILON we have a remedy which not only acts almost instantly, but will remove the largest tumor in the form (by absorption), and many who have received not only benefit, but have been radically cured, have been assured (prior to using this treatment) by eminent surgeons that the only relief they ever could expect in life, would be by an operation, and removing it or them from the body by a procedure which is attended the knife. This remedy has been hailed with delight, and is now prescribed in many practising physicians, who are cognisant of its merits, as the only known sure cure for PILES.

Price, Fifty Cents per package, or six for $2.50.

THE ABOVE REMEDIES ARE thorough in the eradication of the different and distressing maladies denominated, and are the result of patient, searching, laborious, and scientific investigation, embracing a period of many years, in Europe and America.

If the specific directions are complied with, thousands of patients will bear witness to the exact truth of the above corporate every assertion. Where there are many complications of disease, and patients so desire, DR. CHANDLER will be pleased to give all information, and treat by letter if necessary.

Descriptive and Explanatory Circular of the above remedies sent on receipt of stamp. Beware of worthless IMITATIONS of MEDICINES are not on sale at your particular druggist's, send orders to

DR. CHANDLER,

1479 Broadway, New-York City.

feb3

Publications.

1877. Postpaid. $1.60.

THE NURSERY.

A Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers.

SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED. ☞ Send ten cents for a *Sample Number and Premium List.*

JOHN L. SHOREY,

jan27-4t **36 Bromfield St., Boston.**

The New Bites & Sankey Hymn Books, Tracts and Religious Books, All Books and Requisites for The Sunday School at

D. LOTHROP & CO.'S Bookstore and Bible Warehouse, jan27-4t 32 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE CHRISTMAS WIDE AWAKE 30 CTS. A superb number. Santas Claus and all his Reindeer appear. Delicious Christmas stories and Poems. Quintessence of Christmas Joy. Child Marian's Christmas on Shipboard, by Wm. M. F. Round. Address **D. LOTHROP & CO., Boston. Mass.** dec23-1f

MUSIC BOOKS,

** Each Book may be safely received as among the best.*

THE SALUTATION, ($1.35; $12.00 per doz.) By L. O. Emerson. First Class Church Music Book.

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WORLD OF SONG, ($2.50 Bds; $3. Cl.; $4.00 Gilt.) Unrivalled Collection of Songs.

GEMS THE DANCE, ($2.50 Bds; $3 Cloth; $4.00 Gilt.) The Most Brilliant Piano Music.

PERKINS' ANTHEM BOOK, ($1.50; $13.50 per dozen.)

An Easy Anthem for each Sunday in the Year.

PERKINS' GLEE & CHORUS BOOK, ($1.25; $12 per dozen.) Superb Collection.

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EMERSON'S CHORUS BK, ($1.25; $12.00.) The Best Sacred and Secular Choruses.

Either book mailed, post-free, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. Ditson & Co., Successors to Lee & Walker, 711 Broadway, New York. **J. E. Ditson & Co.** Phila.

jan27-ct

FOR FAMILY USE

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE.

Best relish in the world.

nov4

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Norfolk, ss. Probate Court.

To all persons interested in the Estate of JAMES SWAN, late of Stoughton, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, GEORGE TALBOT, the Administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the second account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Dedham, in said County of Norfolk, on the third Wednesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said accountant is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE WHITE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven.

jan27-3t* JONATHAN COBB, Ass't. Register.

Poultry, Eggs, &c.

And order a sitting of his **Pure Plymouth Rock Eggs,** $2.00 per sitting of 13, or two sittings for $3.00 same address. Nicely packed and delivered to any Express in Boston, free of charge. Jan27-tf

Brown Leghorns.

THEY mature early, are hardy, non-sitters, and excellent layers.

EGGS $2.00 for 13, carefully packed and warranted fresh. Address WM. M. PROCTOR, jan27-3t* Wrentham, Mass.

Light Brahmas & White Leghorns.

FOR want of room, I offer six Pullets and a Cockerel of each of the above kinds, mated for breeding. Light Brahmas are from Felch's and Williams's strains. Price $12.00. White Leghorns are good birds, with nice yellow legs and good ear lobes.—GEO. S. WHEELER, New Ipswich, N. H.

Choice Fowls and Eggs.

PARTRIDGE COCHINS, DARK BRAHMA, PLYMOUTH ROCK, and 27 other varieties of Fowls and Eggs, for sale by E. R. PERKINS, 238 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

Enclose and send stamp for Circular. aug8-tf

ANIMAL MEAL.

FOR FOWLS, made from FRESH MEAT and BONE, dried and ground to a sweet meal. It is very wholesome, and fowls eat it with a relish. It is excellent to make HENS LAY, and is much cheaper and better than scraps. It has been extensively used for three years, and generally liked, but we have greatly improved it from last year, and it will have a larger sale. Trial bags, 50 cents and $1; 100 lbs bag, $2 50; no charge for bag.

W. H. BOWKER & CO.,

oct21-tf **43 Chatham St., Boston.**

Stock, &c.

Eden's Breed Imported Swine.

I claim for this breed the following advantages to the farmers of our country, and my claims are more than substantiated by their home record.

1st—White color.
2d—Well covered with bristles.
3d—Very hardy.
4th—Small bone and offal.
5th—Easily fattened.
6th—Very prolific and large milkers.
7th—Large size.
8th—Maturing early.
9th—Hearty eaters.

This breed has been awarded the highest premiums in Lincolnshire, England, and the stock is a breed crossed with Suffolk Yorkshire, Large White. My hogs have been scantily fed for the purpose of breeding, so that I can raise young if burdened with fat, or highly fed when young. My animals are from three distinct families, and not bred in and in. I am sure by long experience that animals which are bred in and in for a length of time will render the offspring weak, imperfect, subject to fits, blindness, and delicate in constitution, which very much impairs the organs connected with the genital, urinary and milk. Send for full descriptive circular. **W. G. LEWIS,**

dec9-12t Importer, Framingham, Mass.

Horse Goods Cheap.

FOR (12) twelve dollars and Express charges, I will send one, any address, one LIGHT BUGGY HARNESS, one WEB HALTER, one LEATHER BACKED HORSE BRUSH, and one CURRYCOMB. This Said farm contains a lot of these goods, and will be sent by Express marked C. O. D. If after an examination any party should be dissatisfied with the goods they can have the money refunded by immediately reshipping in good order, and allowing 50 cents for packing. Address all orders to **B. L. HOLT,**

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UNION MUTUAL

Fire Insurance COMPANY OF MAINE.

Organized 1850.

GROSS ASSETS,

TEN MILLIONS!

ANNUAL INCOME,

TWO AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS!

SURPLUS OVER ALL LIABILITIES,

ONE MILLION FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

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QUINCY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Cash Fund, May 1, 1876, over **$335,000.** Surplus over re-insurance **$123,000.** All losses paid in full. Dividends were resumed Nov. 10, 1873. None but the safer classes of property written.

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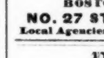
CHAS. A. HOLLAND, *Secretary.*

BOSTON OFFICE, NO. 27 STATE STREET.

Local Agencies in every town. jan1-1y

Pianos.

THE WOODWARD & BROWN PIANO TOOK THE FIRST PRIZE



Over Sixteen Competitors at the only Exhibition ever held where the *Name Awards were Removed on Covered Up.*

For sale at Reasonable Prices, at the Warerooms,

690 WASHINGTON STREET.

ALSO—

PIANOS TO RENT,

at Low Prices, from $5 to $15 per quarter. jan6-3t

Leland's Piano Rooms.

Always on hand the most complete stock of **PIANOFORTES** of any Boston makers, at prices from **$30 to $225.** Persons of moderate means should call.

A. M. LELAND,

jan20-52t **630 Washington St.,** opp. Boylston.

CHICKERING & SONS, PIANO FORTES,

156 Tremont Street, | 130 Fifth Avenue,

ap22-y BOSTON. NEW YORK.

Pumps.

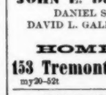
PEOPLES' AND BARDEN'S PUMPS,

RECEIVED THE **MEDAL OF MERIT** and **JUDGES' AWARD AT THE PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION.**

Send for Circular, stating depth of well; also whether the Pump is to set in or out doors, and receive estimate by return mail.

CHAS. W. KING, 27 Devonshire Street,

may13-52t **BOSTON.**



GARDEN ENGINE AND FIRE EXTINGUISHER—For Washing Windows, Carriages, &c., etc. Protects Buildings from Fire, and Trees, Vines, etc., from Insects. Throws water 50 feet. Indispensable to Gardening, Country Home, or Factory should be without the Fountain Pump. Send for large Illustrated Circular. J A. WHITMAN Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer Providence, R. I. sep23-1y

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NOTICE. We have published the Lloyd Combination Last selling Stationery Packages in the world. Contains 24 sheets of paper, 24 envelopes, pencil, penholder, golden pen, and a package of Gold Ink. Also a complete sample package, with elegant gold-plated jewelry, for 25 cents, postpaid. For 50 cents and 81 we send 2 packages, with assorted jewelry, and a fine gold-plated ring. Circulars free. Agents wanted. Sells on sight. Profits immense. Don't delay. $1.

BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, N. Y.

articles in one. The LLOYD COMBINATION. Can be used as a Pencil, Penholder and Pen, Stylographic Pen, Lead Pencil, Paper Cutter, Rubber, Sewing Machine Thread Cutter, and for Rouging Gums. Is a complete set, put in a handsome, fine plush case of a common pencil, it would be worth $1. Is a fine gold-plated article, is heavily nickel plated, and will last a lifetime. Agents are coining money and say it is the most astonishing money getting novelty ever introduced. Extraordinary inducements to Agents. Sells for $1. Sample and terms, 50 cents, postpaid. Write quick and secure your territory.

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SIX

STATIONERY PACKAGES, and SIX of the LLOYD COMBINATION for **TWO DOLLARS.** **BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, New York.**

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Puts, Calls, Spreads, Straddles.

WE faithfully execute all orders for the purchase and sale of Stocks on 2 to 5 per cent margins. First Class Stock Privileges negotiated in any amount. We solicit the patronage of parties desirous of obtaining reliable and responsible brokers. Our book on Stock Speculation sent on application. TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 92 Broadway, N. Y. feb26-52t

Feed the Plant and the Plant will Feed You.

STOCKBRIDGE MANURES.

These Manures, compounded for different crops by Formulas originated by HON. LEVI STOCKBRIDGE, Professor of Agriculture in the Massachusetts Agricultural College, were in 1876 used on

OVER 4000 ACRES, AND 90 PER CENT. REPORT FAVORABLY.

The results on all crops were very satisfactory, scores of farmers raising from 75 to 100 bushels shelled corn per acre, and other crops in proportion. Four years of extensive trial in the field have proven beyond question that the **Stockbridge Manures** are a **Great Practical Success,** being a **Safe, Sure** and **Cheap** mode of Fertilization, **NOT** exhausting the soil, but leaving it richerby actual test.

OUR NEW PAMPHLET FOR 1877 SENT FREE,

containing the experience of scores of farmers for 1876, which is our best advertisement; also much information of value to farmers. Every farmer should send for a copy.

W. H. BOWKER & CO., Sole Agents,

43 Chatham Street, Boston.

Proprietors of the **BRIGHTON FERTILIZER,** and Importers and Dealers in **NITRATE SODA, MURIATE POTASH, SULPHATE AMMONIA. PURE BONE, &c.**

jan30-tf

Bankrupt Sale of Jewelry.

☞ **Great Failure of the MILTON GOLD JEWELRY COMPANY in London. Their Entire Stock Consigned to us to Raise Money as Soon as Possible.**

Everybody has heard of MILTON GOLD JEWELRY, it having been sold in this market for the last ten years, and worn by the best and richest class of our population. Still it takes an expert to distinguish *Milton Gold* from *Virgin Gold.* In order to dispose of this large consignment in the speediest way, we have put up lots which we offer to the public for less than the tenth part of their value.

50-CENT LOT.

One pair elegant Sleeve buttons, retail price	$1 00
One set spiral shirt studs, retail price	75
One beautiful scarf pin, stone setting, retail price	75
One elegant gent's watch chain, latest pattern, retail price	1 50
One collar button, retail price	50
One elegant wedding ring, very heavy, retail price	2 00
Total	$6 50

Remember, we will send you the above-named six articles, which we have retailed for $6.50, by mail, postpaid, for 50 cents, 4 sample lots for $1.50, or 12 sample lots for $4.

$1.00 LOT.

One pair gent's sleeve buttons, stone setting	$1 25
One set elegant spiral studs to match same	1 00
One beautiful Ladies' band engagement ring	2 00
One Gents' large seal ring	2 00
One Ladies' long neck chain	2 75
One Gents' heavy plate watch chain	1 75
One Gent's "Lake George" Diamond stud	1 00
One beautiful scarf pin	75
One pair Ladies' engraved sleeve buttons	1 00
Total	$13 50

The above figures are the prices these goods have been selling at. We mention these figures to give you an idea of the goods.

A FINE SOLID SILVER WATCH FREE.

On receipt of **$15** we will send by express, *one dozen 50 ct. lots and one of each of the others; also one elegant Watch,* Ladies or Gents' size, guaranteed to be a good timekeeper. Such opportunity is offered but seldom. Don't miss it.

We want our patrons and the public in general to understand that this is *Milton Gold Jewelry,* and no *common Plated Ware.* Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance or money refunded. Send money by P. O. money order or registered letter.

Our Firm and **Milton Gold Jewelry** is endorsed by all the leading newspapers of the country. Goods sent C. O. D., if $5.00 is sent with the order, not otherwise. Address all orders to

RALSTON JEWELRY CO.,

Importers of Watches and Jewelry,

jan27-29t **LaSalle and Randolph Streets, Chicago, Illinois.**

Fertilizers.

PERUVIAN GUANO, POTASH.

ABSOLUTE PROTECTION and choice of a Fertilizer of ALMOST ANY DESIRED STRENGTH in Ammonia, Phosphoric Acid, and Potash, at prices EVEN LOWER than those current in France and Germany, as quoted by Prof. Ville and Prof. Goessmann.

Circulars mailed free containing formulas for "PHOSPHATIC CHALK NODULES"—nearly equal to GUANO. Exhaustion, per acre, of Ammonia, Phosphoric Acid, and Potash, by leading crops. Barnyard Manures, Green Manuring and Peruvian Guano compared. Special inducements made to large purchasers of Fertilizing Salts. Send for pamphlets describing all the grades of Peruvian Guano. Address

CHARLES V. NAPES,

jan27-13t **126 Front St., N. Y.**

Seeds, &c.

THE GREAT TIMBER TREE FOR NEW ENGLAND.

EUROPEAN LARCH.

SEEDLINGS raised by ROBERT DOUGLAS & SONS, Waukegan, Illinois.

European Larch, 2 years seedlings, $7.50 per 1000; $60.00 per 10,000.

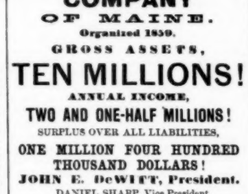
1 year seedlings, very strong, $3.50 per 1000; $30 per 10,000.

The yearling seedlings if planted for one year in nursery rows, will make splendid trees for forest planting. The plants are in every way equal to those grown in Europe, and are much cheaper.

For New England orders address

FRANCIS SKINNER,

jan6-6t **Brookline, Mass.**



Will be mailed to all who apply. This is one of the largest Catalogues published, containing about 175 pages, with over 500 fine engravings, two colored plates, and gives full descriptions, prices and directions for planting over 1200 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Bedding Plants, Bulbs, Roots, and Seed Potatoes. Every Farmer, Gardener & Florist Address,

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

dec30-J12-F8-M3

TO COLOR BUTTER.

MR. A. W. CHEEVER, in the Farmer of Nov 11, recommends all dairymen to use

Wells, Richardson & Co.'s PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR,

He says:—"For all we can see, it is absolutely perfect. It should entirely supersede carrots for coloring butter, and also all the crude preparations of annatto as formerly put up by druggists."

It gives to butter the exact shade of the best Jersey butter. It is pure, intense, economical, and has no taste or smell. It is an improvement on our "Golden Extract," being a concentrated, pure, deep yellow coloring principle of the Dandelion blossom, and it is greatly superior to carrots, etc., giving a better color, and of a richer tone.

☞ **A sample sufficient to color fifty pounds of butter will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of ten cents.**

Every Dairyman who wishes to realize the highest price should give it a trial now. Address

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vermont.

jan30-3t&cow3t

Agents Wanted.

HAND, FOOT & POWER NOVELTY Printing Press.

Highest Centennial Award. Prices, $3.00 to $1,000.00

Does work equal to highest cost presses. Type, Cuts, Inks, Cases, &c. Send stamp for Catalogue. **KELSEY & CO.,** MERIDEN, CONN. **BOSTON, NEW YORK.**

dec9-13t

$3 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample watch and outfit free to Agents.* For terms address COULTER & CO. Chicago

FREE! We will send $1. Samples for Gold Pens. Send full particulars of the best selling business to any person wishing to test our goods with a view to business. Address with stamp H. HAY & Co. Chicago.

ap22-1z

WANTED, AN AGENT in every town and county, to introduce my VISITING CARDS. Inducements never thought of before. 25 in fancy tinted Cases, with White Cards, with Circular, Sample and Price List, mailed for 25 cts. in postage stamps. Agents can clear $10 per day with this sample pack, can get 20 names an hour easily. Agencies fast being taken. Quick, or you are too late!—Business strictly legitimate. Address

W. C. CANDY,

nov18-52t * **712 Washington St., Boston.**

$39 Each week to Agents, Goods Staple. 10,000 testimonials received. Terms liberal. Particulars free. A Reliable firm. J. WORTH & CO. St. Louis, Mo.

$55 to $77 a Week to Agents, *$10 Outfit Free.* P.O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. aug19-1y

$20 FOR $2, THE NEW IDEA Steady Work. Good Pay, with exclusive right of territory. *Particulars free.* AGENTS can also procure of us a complete supply of Chromos, large and small. Floral business cards, Sunday School motto cards, crayons, black ground pencils, statuary, etc. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue. J. LATHAM & CO., Art Publishers, 419 Washington street, Boston, Mass. oct21-52t

Medical.

DR. E. D. SPEAR'S Indian Vegetable Medicines

ARE THE ONLY REMEDIES THAT WILL CURE

CONSUMPTION.

REV. E. H. MCKENNEY of Melrose, Mr. W. J. Jeffrey of North Reading, Mr. James T. Croft, 97 Beverly St., Boston, John Ward, 787 Sixth Street, South Boston, and many others, have been cured by Dr. Spear. The cases of Charles O. Doe may also be mentioned. Words will not suffice in this case to describe the remarkable effects of the Doctor's treatment.

Mr. Doe Previous to Treatment.

In 1869 Mr. Doe wrote to the *Herald* as follows: "I had been gradually failing in my health for some time, when I was taken with severe bleeding. My cough grew troublesome; I raised very bad matter from the lungs. The bleeding returned upon me frequently. In January, 1868, having had an alarming fit of bleeding, I thought unless I soon got relief my days would be few. My hope was about gone. Seeing DR. SPEAR'S CARD in the papers, I determined that he could not cure me no one could; I would make the trial. Under the Doctor's treatment wonderful as it may appear in such an extreme case, in two months the change in me seemed miraculous. The pen cannot convey the remarkable change in me. I have therefore furnished Dr. Spear with my photograph, taken before consulting him. I know there is a strong feeling among some against physicians who advertises, but if there is one physician who is more likely to cure us than another, why not let the people know it? Dr. Spear cured me when I was seemingly beyond hope, and I wish to tell everybody about it.

CHARLES O. DOE."

Boston, July, 1869.

BOSTON, Sept. 6, 1876.

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The Poet's Corner.

WISDOM.

Mr. Tomtit sat on a green tree,
Singing as blithely as blithe could be;
And his head and tail, and each little wing
Kept bobbing time to the tune he did sing;
Ah! never was bird on that greenwood tree
So merry and joyous and noisy as he!
Gay Mr. Tomtit!

Mrs. Tomtit sat on her brown nest,
With her four little fledglings under her breast;
And the chirp in her throat grew soft and low,
As the breeze rocked the maple bough to and fro;
Ah! never was mother so happy and blest,
As the wee little mother upon the brown nest!
Little Mrs. Tomtit!

And so the whole of that sunshiny day
They loved, and nestled, and twittered away;
And never seemed to think the world could be
More than a nest in a greenwood tree—
Or that things ever did, or could, go wrong,
Or life be more than a joyous song!
Foolish little Tomtits!

Ah, but Mr. Tomtit! and what will you do,
When clouds come into your sky that's so blue?
When the trees grow bare, and the hills grow brown,
And the chill snowflakes come fluttering down;
When there's no wheat in the field—no bug in the fin—
What do you think you are going to do then,
Mr. Tomtit?

And Mrs. Tomtit, when the little brown nest
Grows too small for the birdies under your breast,
And they flutter away from your warning call,
And the world seems so large, and the trees so tall
For the little wings that tremble and shrink—
Ah! won't your mother heart ache then do you think
Mrs. Tomtit?

But Mr. Tomtit sang on just as loud
As before I had warned him of snowflake or cloud;
And perhaps he knew more than I, after all,
Of Him who heedeth the sparrow's fall!
Knew that when summer and song, time had flown,
He still would love and care for His own!
Wise Mr. Tomtit!

And Mrs. Tomtit only bobbed her brown head,
But I think in her little bird heart she said,
"I will cherish them now, while they're in the nest,
The one who made them will do all the rest;
I know their little wings never can fly
Away from the watch of His loving eye!
Dear Mrs. Tomtit!

Ah! could we who call ourselves wise, only be
As wise as the birds in the green wood tree!
Could we make our lives one song to God's praise,
And trust Him through all His mysterious ways!
And know there's a land as fair as the sun,
That our wings may find, when the song is done!

Ladies' Department.

Five Hundred Thousand Dollars.

There is no doubt that I was a lion. I was made to feel it wherever I went. People nudged each other in passing me in the street, and whispered, "There he is!" Professed lion-hunters besieged me; my rooms were deluged with cards; congratulations, criticism, and counsel were offered me gratuitously; lady-like mammas smiled upon me; beautiful girls looked at me with interest and admiration in their innocent eyes; now and then some true soul spoke words that were dearer than gold.

Some of this was very pleasant; but there were compensating inconveniences. Imprimis, my pockets were still woefully empty, for my works had brought me more renown than money, and I was appropriating all my funds, as fast as they accumulated, to the payment of debts contracted in less promising times. I longed to lift that weight from my shoulders. Artists do not borrow their tints from the hues of earth and sky, and canvas and brushes are coarse, material things, that demand an exchange of filthy lucre. So I was still forced to work away as hard as ever.

In consequence, my popularity in society was somewhat embarrassing, because, to say nothing of the encroachments upon my time, etiquette prescribes a dress-coat, and I brushed my best coat clear through to the lining before I could make up my mind to discard it; and as for gloves, every pair I bought cost me an unutterable pang.

And then—ah, there's the misery of it!—it was inexpressibly mortifying to be upon familiar terms with the beautiful young girls before alluded to, and have all the time a profound consciousness that the man in the moon would have been considered a much more eligible suitor than I.

Considering all these things, I bore myself very meekly. I have no doubt I was thought very modest that I did not roar any louder—which is remarkable in a lion as I was. I still lived in my third floor, managed my own very economical housekeeping, and found the best of my life in my art.

But I have not told you how I attained my questionable eminence. I had a picture at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Design. It was only a foaming waste of waters, a stretch of yellow sand in the foreground, a bit of rocky sea-beach bounded by the waves, a dun sky, with storm-clouds flying wildly before the wind, and low down in the west a break in the gloom, whence a shaft of lurid light glancing out, just touched a pale, dead face rising ghastly and terrible above the tempest-driven breakers. This picture was not an outgrowth of my life. I did not put my soul into it as I had too often done before. It was merely an inspiration of a morbid fancy flung upon the canvas in a freak. But it was weird, eccentric, peculiar, and took the public by storm. It made me a lion.

One evening a *soiree* was given at the Derby Gallery, and several artists lent their pictures for the occasion. I lent mine; and there it now hung upon the wall of the gallery. I had refused to sell it; and thus at this *soiree* it was among the foremost attractions.

That was a gala night, more like a scene from some fairy tale than a real event in this prosaic, working age. Stately men, and beautiful, gifted women stood in groups before some triumph of art, or walked about, conversing in low, soft tones.

Standing not far from my picture—I could not help hovering near it with a kind of jealous care—a bevy of fair girls passed and stopped before my treasure.

"I am so eager to see this wonderful picture. You know I was out of town when it was exhibited," said one.

I looked at the speaker. A face like one of Titian's women; hair of warm gold; eyes a sunny hazel, limpid as crystal. The small head was thrown back, those striking eyes coolly fixed upon the picture. It was plain the lady thought herself a competent critic.

"It is a strange, beautiful thing," she said at last. "I don't think I wholly like it—but——"

"Oh, Miss Vandermeyer!" cried the rest in chorus.

"I must buy it, I think."

"Very cool, young lady," I thought. She surveyed it still more critically—this girl of twenty summers.

"It is too morbid in its tone; but I have a nook at home where it will just fit—my chamber of horrors I call it. You may see a ghost there at mid-day any time, if you like. Who is the artist? Can't somebody find him for me?" with the air of a duchess.

There was a furtive looking about, then a buzzing whisper, and Miss Vandermeyer turned her eyes upon me. In a moment she was before me.

"Mr. Delafield, I would like to buy your picture."

"I don't wish to sell it," I replied, coldly.

She made an impatient gesture—just a little saucy wave of the hand.

"I want to buy it. How much do you ask?"

The gold-brown eyes were fixed upon my face with a quiet audacity that amazed me. I named a sum that I meant should startle her.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Very well. I will send my servant in the morning to take it down."

I started.

"Miss Vandermeyer, I don't wish to sell my picture." For the first time she seemed to comprehend me.

"Don't wish to sell it! What did you paint it for? I thought artists painted their pictures to sell;" her eyes sparkling as she spoke.

"All artists are not alike," I said, sharply, for I was vexed, first at her criticism, and afterward at her pertinacity.

She looked at me rather curiously, as if I were some phenomenon.

"Haven't you any more like it in your head?"

"I don't know."

"I should hope not," she said, gravely.

"Why?"

"Because it wouldn't be good for you. There's something dreadful about it."

"Really, Miss Vandermeyer," I remarked, sarcastically, "you are peculiar. I don't understand why you should want the picture."

"I want it because in some moods I like to look at such things."

I reflected a moment.

"Can you afford to give twenty-five hundred dollars to indulge a mood?"

"If I please," she said, with a little saucy shrug of her shoulders.

"Very well. I will sell it to you then,"—her eyes gleamed—"upon condition that, if I choose, I may some day buy it back."

"I knew you would sell it to me," she said, with an air of triumph. "You'll never want to buy it back."

"Why not?"

"You won't be rich enough. Artists are always poor, are they not?"

I did not answer, but stood in haughty silence.

She glanced up at me; and then her eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Did I wound you? I never meant to do so!"

I was mollified directly.

"I see you did not."

"You'll forgive me, then?" with a smile like sunshine. "Will you call upon me to-morrow and receive the money for the picture?" She put a card into my hand, and looked at me with the frankest, sweetest face in the world, said, "Now would you be good enough to take me to my friends? I am so near-sighted I can't see across this great gallery."

"Near-sighted—with those eyes?" It was very bluntly put, but I was no courtier in those days, and I could only hope that she would recognize the compliment and forgive the awkwardness. But she startled me.

"Yes. They don't look so, do they?" with the most charming simplicity.

I took her across the gallery, bowed my *adieux* and left her. Retracing my steps, I met my friend Mason.

"Delafield, my dear fellow, what in the name of all that's wonderful have you been doing?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing that has any harm in it, I hope."

"What; haven't you been seen for half an hour in close confab with Miss Vandermeyer; and didn't you——"

"And what of it?"

"What of it? Why, Miss Vandermeyer is worth five hundred thousand dollars!"

"Indeed!"

"And is the sauciest, severest, most lovable, most provoking little witch that ever existed—with only one fault in the world."

"What is that?"

"Why, her fortune is such a terrible bugbear. She wants to be wooed for her own sweet self; but she knows how potent are the charms of gold; and so the poor little Circe is doomed to perpetual celibacy—for she'll never dare accept anybody."

"How dreadful! What a misfortune it is to be worth a fortune."

Mason left me, and I saw him circling round Miss Vandermeyer, in company with a troop of other foolish moths, all the rest of the evening; and the lady, holding herself loftily in her queenly grace, minded them not in the least. As for me, I made a vow that night, sitting before my small fire, that I'd not fall into her train or lose my heart to her.

I was not going to think anything more about her, indeed. I found, however, that Miss Vandermeyer danced before my eyes as soon as I shut them; and her voice, like sweet bells, was all the time ringing through my head. It being manifestly impracticable to forget her that night, I resolved to begin to do so in the morning. But in the morning I awoke from my brief, feverish sleep, profoundly impressed by the near approach of some extraordinary event. Upon a little reflection I remembered that I was to call upon Miss Vandermeyer that day.

I went, and a footman ushered me into a spacious drawing-room, where it seemed that all sorts of beautiful things were grouped in picturesque confusion. I had not waited half a minute before Miss Vandermeyer came in, and said, if I pleased, I was to go up-stairs to her den.

We went over carpets soft as moss, up flight after flight, till we reached the upper story. Then Miss Vandermeyer pushed aside a door, and I entered what seemed a fairy bower. I had left winter out of doors—here it seemed as if summer had been wooed to linger all through the year. The atmosphere was warm, and fragrant with blossoming flowers. A soft light came in through the ground glass, hinging upon the marvelous beauty of the pictured faces and landscapes that were everywhere. An oddly carved writing-desk stood in one corner; a little buhl table with some pretty work upon it occupied another—tokens of the strange, beautiful girl who made the place her home.

"Come here," said Miss Vandermeyer, leading the way across the spacious room.

I followed, and my picture hung in fit company, one or two weird faces above and beside it, and a companion piece—a desolate moor, a wild crag, and an eagle sailing heavily through an empty, gray sky—just opposite.

"How do you like it?" said Miss Vandermeyer.

"Very much. It could not be better placed."

"This is my chamber of horrors. I come and sit here when I feel fierce," she said, with an air of frankness.

"Fierce!"

"Yes. When things don't go as I like. Do not you find a great many things very provoking?"

"I do; but you—I shouldn't think you could be annoyed."

"Why? Because I am rich?"

"Partly."

"You don't know anything about it, then, if you think that one can't be miserable with a fortune. I wish you had it, and then you'd see," she said.

"I wish I had."

"What? What do you mean?" her bright hazel eyes full of surprise.

"I believe I meant that I wish that I had a fortune," I said, laughing.

"Do you really?"

"Indeed I do."

"Now, that is odd," with a queer look in her face.

"How odd?"

"Oh, they generally say that they don't value money in the least; that they wouldn't take it as a gift; that they prefer poverty, or, at least, a modest competence, and all such—stuff."

"*They* say so. Who?"

"Oh, some people," she returned, that mischievous light dancing in her eyes. "What made you think I was going to tell you my secrets?" And the little fairy walked away with snake-believe *hauteur*.

I followed her out from the comparative gloom of this part of the apartment into the sunshine that flowed over the flowers and climbing plants. A piano stood open, its white keys gleaming.

"Won't you play to me, Miss Vandermeyer?" I said.

"No?"

"Excuse me—you are not musical, then?"

"Oh yes, I play well enough; but when I have people who can say anything, I'd rather talk."

So we talked; and I watched her beautiful face, wondering at its marvelous power of expression, admiring the exquisite tinting of cheek and lip, and the splendid gold of her hair.

I put her into a picture I was at work upon that afternoon—it was just the face I had needed. Having this to do, of course I was obliged to think of her more or less; but I definitely decided to begin the next day to forget her.

My days seem, however, as if everything conspired to make one forget a good resolution. I always did dislike combating obstacles, and when I found that the fates were bent upon keeping Miss Vandermeyer in my mind, I yielded gracefully, I hope, comforting myself by thinking that she must soon go out of town for the summer, and then I could apply myself to my business without hinderance.

The months drifted by. One day I received a tiny note, rose-scented, and addressed in her own exquisite hand. She had gone to her country-house at Staten Island. Would I come to dinner that evening?—only a friend or two, no ceremony, moonlight and boating!

I went, taking a late afternoon boat. The red shining of the setting sun upon the windows revealed the house, a roomy, quaint mansion, gabled, and half hid by luxuriant trees. Miss Vandermeyer looked fresh and lovely in her pure muslin, some jessamine sprays with waxen flowers clinging about her bright, rippling hair.

"I knew you would come," she said, her beautiful, smiling eyes upon me. "We only wanted you to make up our party."

"You are very kind. Whom have you here?"

"Only my dear old guardian, Uncle Lakeman, you know—Nellie Damer, and Mr. Fred Lacroft."

"Fred Lacroft?"

"Oh, you don't know him; but he's such a good fellow."

It is not particularly delightful to hear another man praised as a good fellow by a young lady—at least, I didn't find it so. I had no doubt I should hate Fred Lacroft. He was sure to be a detestable snob. I felt that I had found the enemy of my life. So I accompanied Miss Vandermeyer to the drawing-room; and there was the impudent interloper, playing chess with Mr. Lakeman with the most assured and at-home air imaginable.

"Mr. Delafield—Mr. Lacroft," said Miss Vandermeyer.

I bowed, but scowled as fiercely as I could, and was conscious of an inclination to throw him out of the window.

"Would you like a game of chess while we are waiting for dinner?" asked Miss Vandermeyer.

"No, I thank you," I responded, morosely.

"What—don't you like chess?"

"I think it does very well for boys," I returned, with a tremendous effort to be sarcastic.

Miss Vandermeyer blushed a little, and glanced shyly at Mr. Frederick Lacroft; but that individual only stroked his moustache, and gave a low, mellow, good-humored laugh, thus adding insult to injury. I was strongly tempted to challenge him on the spot.

A footman came in and announced dinner. It was served in a little vine-hung balcony, opening toward the river. The soft, summery air was all about us; the moon was rising just over the water, and the birds were singing good-night in the tall, dark tree-tops close by. It ought to have been delicious—but somehow it wasn't. Miss Nellie Damer was placed beside me—a young lady with a face like a wax doll, pink cheeks, blue eyes, and little rings of yellow hair lying on her white forehead—a style of beauty that I don't admire. I could, however, have forgiven her looks if she would have let me alone. But the creature would talk, which was very aggravating, considering that a most animated by-play was going on between Miss Vandermeyer and that detestable Lacroft, which I could not catch without giving it my closest attention. He laughed a good deal. He seemed to find things very amusing. I took my dinner in silence.

I made one or two discoveries before we left the table. I had always thought Miss Vandermeyer's uncle rather a nice old gentleman; but now I perceived that he was an old fogy, with a rubicund nose, who ate like a gourmand.

When dinner was over, Miss Vandermeyer proposed a row upon the river. Everybody acquiesced. Lacroft and I took the oars; but it was Lacroft who took Miss Vandermeyer's shawl, and wrapped it tenderly about her.

"You can sit there, Margaret, he said.

Margaret, indeed!

"No," she answered, with a little, willful shake of the head, "I'll sit here." And she sat down close by me.

Then I had my revenge. Lacroft was forced to play the agreeable to Miss Damer. He did it with a very good grace, but I could imagine his feelings. That little hour stoned for my misery. She was beside me, her beautiful eyes looking into mine, her soft voice singing low songs for my pleasure. Then I undertook to teach her to row. Delightful pleasure it was to see her little, white hands trying to manage the clumsy oar.

So, over those silvery waves, we rowed back to the landing, overshadowed by the huge old trees that grew close to the river's brim, and lying in deep gloom. While I held the boat fast to the wharf, Lacroft sprang out to assist the ladies. In an instant I was cursing his awkwardness, for there was a quick, frightened cry, and I knew it was Miss Vandermeyer who slipped and fell into the black water. It was only a moment's work to throw off my coat and plunge after her. Ah, how thankful I was when my darling's white face came to the top of the water—as long we off, swept away by the tide, but not beyond my reach, after a few swift, strong strokes.

They were all wild with joy when I laid her dripping and half fainting on the turfy slope.

"Oh, my dear fellow, how can we ever be grateful enough to you? If she had been lost, I should never have got over it," cried Uncle Lake.

The words froze me? He was her lover, then? I walked up to the house with him, mute and miserable. I would have rushed away, but I could not go back to the city wet as a merman. I must stay all night. So Lacroft said, and so said Mr. Lakeman. Miss Vandermeyer added her persuasion.

"Do you think we could let you go?" she said, softly. "You forget what I owe you."

"You owe me nothing—any one would have done the same."

I think my harsh tone hurt her. I caught the surprised, grieved look in the eyes that met mine, before I turned abruptly away. That night, lying awake after the household was asleep, I resolved to rise early the next morning, before any one was stirring, and go to the city, leaving a note to excuse my sudden departure.

So I left Staten Island, in the cool, sweet hush of the early morning, never, I thought, to see it again. Back to my work I must go, and forget that I had ever known Margaret Vandermeyer.

It was a gloomy day. Toward night came a sunny gleam in the shape of a note from Miss Vandermeyer.

"Do you know," she wrote, "that you were very rude to go away as you did this morning? You want to escape our thanks, I suppose; but that does not excuse you. Will you come to-morrow, and be forgiven?"

That was a day of vexation in those simple words, but I hardened my heart, and wrote to Miss Vandermeyer that urgent business would prevent my doing myself the honor, etc.

What a wretched week followed! Who would have thought that one little woman could have thrown my mind into such a tumult? I worried myself to and fro, and thought I was looking haggard and miserable, I would not go out, but worked at my easel all day, day after day.

One afternoon, at the end of that wretched week, I was putting a few last touches upon my picture, which now I was compelled, when there came a low tap at the door. I opened it to my irrepressible neighbor, Miss Vandermeyer. She threw back her veil, put out her little, gloved hand doubtfully, and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Delafield? May I come in?"

"Certainly, Miss Vandermeyer—I am very happy," I stammered.

"You may wait for me at the door, Rosette," she said, turning to the maid who accompanied her; and then she stepped inside my apartment, looking around with a curious, half timid air.

I gave her my best chair, and stood a little way off, looking at her, hardly daring to speak, lest she should vanish into thin air. My poor studio had never been so illuminated before.

"I came to see if you were ill," she said, presently, looking shyly up into my face.

"You are very good. No; I am not ill."

"Why haven't you been to see us, then? You look ill, I assure," she added, softly.

"I wrote to tell you that I was very busy."

She lifted up one little, diamond-ringed hand warningly.

"Now, do tell the truth to me!"

"The truth, Miss Vandermeyer, would, I am afraid, give you little pleasure," I said, bitterly.

"I don't understand you."

"I staid away from you because I thought it best I should," I said at last, quite desperate.

A rosy flush crept slowly over her sweet face.

"Why?" she asked, after a minute.

"Because, Miss Vandermeyer, I love you!"

The blush faded away to white; and a smile trembled about her lips.

"I thought you did!" in a low, cooing voice.

I drew a long breath.

"Then you must understand me. You are going to marry Mr. Lacroft——"

I was interrupted by a quick, musical laugh.

"Why, you silly fellow, don't you know Fred is my cousin, and engaged to Nellie Damer? They're to be married in September."

I was silent from surprise.

"Is that my consolation?" asked my tormentor, presently. I could not deny that it was.

"But then, that makes no difference," I said, at last.

"No difference?"

"No. That confounded five hundred thousand dollars of yours!" I said, between my teeth.

"Oh, that is it?" with a rippling laugh.

"Yes, that is it!" and hardly knowing what I did, I turned my easel so that my picture faced her.

She started.

"Why, that is I!" she exclaimed, her eyes glowing. "Did you do it?"

"Yes."

She went up to the picture and examined it closely.

"You've made it just like me," she said, in a gratified tone.

"I couldn't help doing so."

"It's prettier, too, than any likeness I've ever had," she added, with quite unconscious self-praise.

"Will you sell it?"

"No."

"Not for five thousand dollars?"

"Not for ten thousand."

"Not to me?" coaxingly.

"Not even to you."

She sat down in my arm-chair again, her gloves lying in her lap, her hat in her hand, her cheeks crimson, her eyes soft and bright with excitement. I paced the room, fast losing my self-control. I loved her so.

"I wish you would leave off walking, and sit down," she said, in a moment. "I want to talk to you."

I sat down instantly.

"Is this your studio?" glancing around.

"My studio, dining, and reception room.

"Why do you live so poorly?"

"To save money."

"And this is all the home you have?" she said, with an air of tender pity.

"You needn't be sorry for me," I replied, hastily. "My debts are all paid now; and some day, I dare say, I shall live in better style."

"And yet you wouldn't accept my fortune?" she went on, her voice shaking a little.

"Miss Vandermeyer——"

"But suppose," she interrupted—"suppose I should tell you that it never was so much as people thought—and that what there was is almost, or quite, lost,"—she began to cry now—"gone to ruin in a broken bank—and that I—oh, Mr. Delafield—expect to have to be a governess, or do something—for my living——"

She broke down here, and hiding her face in her hands, sobbed aloud. I was at her feet, caressing her shawl, showering kisses upon her bright curls, overwhelming her with tender words.

"Oh, my love—my precious darling—you become a governess? I will work like a galley slave, if you love me! It was only that horrible fortune; but now—now will you give yourself to me?"

She put both her hands into mine, smiling through her tears. I don't know what I said then—I know I was raised from a a trance of delicious joy by her voice.

"You will think me mercenary—to accept you now I am poor, and would not when I was rich. But then, you never asked me," with sly malice.

"Dear,—I won't think you so. I know you love me; I take that sweet comfort to my heart. My black days are over now. I've seen a good many of them, precious Margaret!"

She faltered a little, her eyes filling again.

"But you can't support a wife, can you? You are poor, you know."

"Oh, my dear—not so very poor. Besides, I'm doing better all the time."

"Rosette—I should never do without her. I don't know how to make my own dresses."

"I'll find a way," said I, trying mentally to contrive some way in which I could pinch myself, and save Mademoiselle Rosette's salary. Just then that personage knocked at the door.

"If you please, it's getting late; and though I don't mind waiting any reasonable time, yet you know your uncle——"

"I'm coming, Rosette. You'll go home with me, and tell my guardian I'm——"

I could imagine his feelings. That little hour Mr. Lakeman was sitting upon the lawn. I saw now that he was a nice old gentlemen, after all, and that his nose was not at all more rubicund than was becoming. We walked up to him.

"Uncle, Mr. Delafield and I have decided to be married some day. We're in no hurry."

"Indeed, sir, we *are* in a hurry."

"Be quiet! So uncle, you'll please give us your approval," said Miss Vandermeyer."

Mr. Lakeman laid down his newspaper.

"My dear, this is quite unexpected; but I have the highest opinion of Mr. Delafield, and I've no doubt he will make you an excellent husband, and know how to manage your fortune. I shall be quite pleased to have the charge of it transferred to other hands. I am sure I congratulate you."

"Sir, sir!"

"Come with me!" commanded my tyrant. She drew me into the library.

"You stupid old darling—did you believe that story?"

"Margaret!" I cried in dismay.

"I only put a case, you know," pursued the little gypsy.

"I was afraid I should have to tell some fibs; but you believed it all so easily."

I was dumb.

"Now you've promised to take me; but you can't have me unless you take the five hundred thousand dollars, too. Do you want to recall your words?"

She put her two dear hands around my neck—and I wasn't enough of a hero to give her up.

* * * * *

I must confess that the fortune has never seriously interfered with my happiness.

A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY AGNES JAMES.

[From Peterson's Magazine for February.]

In the hall at home there is a dark old picture, which has always possessed a peculiar interest for me. It is the portrait of my "great-grand-aunt," Nancy Robertson, who, one hundred years ago to-day, was a slim, wild little maiden of fifteen, with bright, hazel eyes, and short, curling, brown hair.

The picture represents a beautiful young woman, several years older than that, magnificently dressed in white silk, brocaded with pink roses, her hair powdered, rolled back from her forehead, and falling in two or three heavy curls on her bare, white neck. There are rows of pearls in her hair, and on her neck and arms, and rich lace ruffles fall around her square-cut bodice, and her dimpled elbows. One slender hand holds a great feather fan, the other a spray of pink roses.

Well, I find I have described the picture more as it must have been when the colors were not dry, than it is now. It is dark and dingy-looking now, and you just can see what the dress must have been; but somehow the face gleams out as radiantly, archly, lovely as ever. The hazel eyes, under their delicate line of brow, look into yours as gayly as they ever did; the sweet lips almost part and smile as you gaze; the white throat seems to rise and fall with soft, happy breathing. The great charm of the picture is the look of perfect girlish happiness on the lovely face.

And yet Aunt Nancy's bright eyes had been dimmed with hot and bitter tears many a time. I have heard all about these times from dear old Aunt Kitty, who heard them from her mother, my great-grandmother, who died at ninety-five years of age, and was Aunt Nancy's younger sister. So, you see, I know.

Aunt Nancy's father lived on Long Island; somewhere, I have heard, near the town of Jamaica. He was a man of wealth, for those times, and the Robertson mansion was filled with solid comforts and many luxuries, imported from France and England and other countries; curious screens, carved chairs, etc., etc. The most beautiful thing in the house, so the children thought, was a great punch-bowl, for that was a time when no entertainment was considered complete without punch. It held almost "half as much as a barrel." The china was "so thin that you could see through it;" and it was painted in glowing colors, with "a thousand bright birds, flowers, and figures." It stood on the great sideboard all the year, and on Christmas Eve, Nancy's father would brew it full of punch—Nancy and her sisters rolling the lemons, I suppose. And then there would be healths drunk, beginning with "King George and the Royal Family," and songs sung, and merry dancing, and kissing under the mistletoe, until the great bowl was drained, and twelve strokes of the tall clock in the corner ushered in Christmas Day.

But there came a time when King George's health was no longer drunk, because the Continental Congress had declared the United States free and independent. And there was at last a time when no punch was brewed in the big bowl, because Nancy's father had kissed his wife and little daughters, and taken his musket, and marched away to fight the British. In a little while Nancy's two young brothers, boys of sixteen and seventeen, followed him—and never came back, poor lads! One perished of pneumonia during that dreadful winter, at "Valley Forge;" the other died, gloriously fighting, under the Quaker General Green, in South Carolina.

There was sorrow and weeping in the farmhouse during all these sad years. Often have I heard how little Nancy was at her wheel, spinning yarn to knit socks for her brother Geoffrey, when the news of his death came. I fancy I can see the slim little figure stepping back and forth lightly by the wheel, and hear the child's clear voice singing gayly—until the news came.

They say that after one burst of passionate grief for the dead brother, little Nancy rose up dry-eyed and calm, and went back to her spinning.

"Child, what are you doing?" cried her sobbing Cousin Deborah.

"I have no time to weep," said the girl. "There are other soldiers to work for, though Geoffrey is gone."

Time went on, and the British soldiers, in their foraging excursions, began to come very near the Robertson farm. One day news arrived that a party of them would probably be there in an hour. The women and children dared not stay to face them; so, the family horses were hitched to the great farm-wagon, Juba, the faithful negro, driving it. Feather beds were thrown into it, clothes and valuables made into bundles, and piled high upon them, and the whole family got in, each with some special treasure in her arms.

Lightly Nancy climbed to the top of the pile of beds and seated herself there, while Juba carefully handed up to her the great china punch-bowl. Then he sprange to his seat and drove off in mad haste. The four strong farm-horses pulled stoutly, and the wagon fairly flew over the stony road. How carefully little Nancy's slender arms clasped the precious bowl, and how anxiously all the frightened company gazed back at the home they were leaving, expecting momently to see the red-coats riding about the yard, under the elms, and may-be smoke and flames bursting from the windows!

For a mile the house was in sight. Then the road went up a hill, and down on the other side. Once over that hill, they would be out of sight and not likely to be pursued.

The horses were already trotting merrily down the hill, when suddenly, fording the shallow stream at the foot, there appeared a group of British troopers. Their red coats glared like an angry flame on the frightened eyes of the women and children. Juba drew up the horses, and with a wild impulse of flight, tried to turn them in the narrow road. It was too late. The horses plunged, the clumsy wagon stuck fast, with its front and hind wheels locked together. The children screamed, Cousin Debby joined them; the poor pale mother clasped her hands and prayed, and up came the British soldiers at a gallop. With shouts and brutal laughter, they surrounded the wagon, and ordered its occupants to get out. Then little Nancy rose up like an insulted queen. With eyes blazing and cheeks scarlet, she stood up and held the great, gorgeous punch-bowl high in her arms.

"At least you shall never have this?" she cried, in clear, ringing, defiant tones, and the next instant the beautiful fragile thing lay in a thousand fragments on the rolling road. The crash and the child's daring words attracted the attention of a young officer, who had ridden carelessly past the wagon, meaning to reach the top of the hill and reconnoitre the country. He turned abruptly now, and reined up beside the wagon. Nancy still stood there glowing and defiant, and some of the men were laughing, others cheering the "little rebel."

The young officer smiled, and then courteously lifted his hat from his head. He was a good-looking young fellow of twenty years or so, with waving fair hair and deep blue eyes.

Aunt Kitty says that her mother, who was little Ruth Robertson, a child of ten years then, has often told her how Capt. Ellesemer bowed and glanced admirably at Nancy's pretty flushed face, and then ordered his men away, and escorted the wagon back to the farm-house, promising that everything there should be safe, and taking only a small quantity of provisions for his men. Aunt Kitty repeats, with the air of a Sir Charles Grandison, his courteous speech to Nancy's mother: "I give you the word of a British officer, madam, that you shall be safe. We do not war on women and children." But I am not sure that Capt. Ellesemere said that. I know that somebody did, however, and why not he?

And when the troopers went away, it is said that Capt. Ellesemere gravely stooped and kissed Nancy's little brown hand, and said, gallantly,

"I feel honored, madam, to have served so brave and fair a lady!" Dear me, what grand, stately, courteous old days they were! Nobody talks to me so, and if I broke a china punch-bowl in that tempestuous way, it wouldn't be called "courage," but "temper!"

They heard no more of Capt. Ellesemere for a long while, though sometimes the British soldiers were very near Robertson's farm, and sometimes skirmishes were fought in the neighborhood. But four years after the famous affair of the punch-bowl, one soft moonlight night, there came a feeble rap at the front door, and Nancy went to see who was there. There, sunk upon a bench, was the figure of a man who seemed sick—almost dying, so ghastly pale was he. He rose and crept near to Nancy, and looked at her. He was dressed in the hateful red coat of the British soldiers, and as he looked at her, she saw that it was Capt. Ellesemere. He lifted his hat and bowed with the old courtesy.

"Madam," he said, in low, faint tones, "I am Captain Geoffrey Ellesemere. I am not a prisoner, and have escaped. I am at your mercy now, for I am wounded to the death!" Then he fell fainting on the floor, and Nancy ran to her mother to come and help him. "For he is dying! and oh, mother, his name is Geoffrey!" she sobbed.

So these good women took him in and nursed him back (for, of course, he didn't die,) obtaining a parole for him, and keeping him in the pleasant old farm-house till his wound was quite well, and his heart forever gone out of his British bosom into the hands of the little rebel Nancy Robertson. How could it be otherwise? Nancy was a lovely young girl of nineteen now, fair and fresh as a rose. Then there was that broken punch-bowl were tender and skilful in the binding of wounds and bathing of aching heads, and the making of delicate drinks and viands. Before he could leave his bed, Captain Ellesemere loved his kind, pitying little nurse.

Then, afterward, there were the long weeks of convalescence, when he lay on the great settle with pillows round him, watching Nancy at her spinning, or her sewing, or her bread-making. As he grew stronger, there were golden hours with her in the orchard, he lying on the grass reading to her as she sewed, or (perhaps!) not reading, but just idly watching her changing face, with its blushes and flitting blushes and dark lashes drooping quietly over the hazel eye.

Then there were short walks, which grew longer and longer, till one day, as they sat by a clear little spring in the woods, hardly a mile from the house, Geoffrey suddenly said,

"Nancy, I am so strong and well now, that it is my duty to get an exchange, if I can, and go back to the army."

Nancy did not say a word. She looked at him one moment, with eyes out of which the sparkle and smile had died abruptly, then she turned away her head, and he could just see one cheek, but that was white as death, and the black lashes drooped heavily upon it.

"I shall have to go, Nancy," he said, watching her keenly as he spoke, "and I hope you will be sorry, too. Will you?"

Still, with her head turned away, and her little fingers trembling, plucking at the ferns that grew near her, Nancy answered in a very low tone,

"It is hard to lose a friend—and it is lonely here, you know." Then, as if trying to speak lightly, "But for you—why, there will be change and stir, and—you will soon get over being sorry to leave us, and forget —us."

"That will I not," vowed Capt. Geoffrey. "If I went to the ends of the earth, and stayed away a thousand years, I would never forget you, because I love you, my dearest, with all my heart! Look at me, Nancy! I want to see if you love me!"

He was kneeling beside her on the grass, and taking both her cold, trembling little hands in one of his, with the other he turned her face gently toward him, and gazed into the clear depths of her eyes. Yes, there were tears there! She did love him, and her white cheek turned sweetest, glowing crimson as he took her in his arms and kissed her, and swore, that as soon as the war was over, he would come back and marry her, and take her home to England.

"Will you go with me, sweetheart?" he asked, and bent his fair head to hear her soft-whispered "yes."

It is singular how little a century has changed us in some things. I declare that people might behave in just that way now-a-days, and not be thought at all old-fashioned in their notions. So little Nancy Robertson, whose father was away fighting in the Continental army, had promised to marry a British officer; and one bright morning she took a tearful leave of him, all alone, in the old parlor, which, with its quaint secretary, Indian screen, and heart-shaped chairs, was thereafter dearer to her than ever.

Those were weary months that followed the departure of Capt. Ellesemere from the Robertson farm, and a sorely torn and aching heart poor Nancy carried in her breast, while she knew that her father and her lover were fighting against each other, and she never heard a word from Geoffrey. At last came news from him, and, strangest of all, her father brought it! Col. Robertson came home from Yorktown, where he had been with the army besieging Cornwallis.

Cornwallis had surrendered, and with him a much more important character in Nancy's eyes, Capt. Geoffrey Ellesemere! Col. Robertson had seen him there. Nay, Capt. Ellesemere had come to see him, and, like a brave gentleman, had told him of his love for Nancy, and asked his consent to their marriage when the war should be ended.

"He is a brave lad, and a handsome one, Nancy; and, moreover, he is a rich man, and a baronet, since his uncle, Sir William, is dead; and as we are to have peace now, why I won't say him nay, though I hate to part with my little Nancy."

Ruth stood and listened to all this with wide-open eyes, while Nancy blushed and hung her head.

"Child!" cried the mother, reproachfully, "have you loved him all this time, and never told me? Dear child, I would have helped you bear your trouble, may-be, and never have scolded you."

"Mother, why should I have given you a heavier heart than you had already?" said brave little Nancy. Then, with her arms round her mother, she said softly, "You will love Geoffrey, mother, won't you?"

"Dear heart, I love him now," said the mother, gently. "I love him well enough to give him my child."

But for two years more Nancy stayed in this farm-house, till peace was finally decided, and "the British troops sailed homeward and left America free and independent."

Then Captain Sir Geoffrey Ellesmere went home, and carried his bride with him.

So, pretty Nancy became a grand lady, and was presented at court in the very dress she wears in her portrait here. Little Ruth went over to England to visit her, and she said no lady in the land was prettier and grander than Nancy, and she was "happy as the days were long."

Then Ruth came home and brought her sister's picture, to show us what a fair court lady Nancy made; but Ruth, somehow, was not dazzled by pearls, and powder, and court dresses, for she married her cousin, my great-grandfather, and they lived happily at the old Robertson farm.

Ah, well! It is nearly one hundred years ago that her picture was painted, but I never think of Nancy as growing old or dying. To me she comes always as the radiant, happy bride, in her court dress of brocade and pearls, or the pretty, shy little maiden, straying, with her gallant, fair-haired lover through the woods of the old Robertson farm; or, oftenest of all, as the haughty, defiant girl, standing up, flushed and bright-eyed, in the wagon, and dashing the great punch-bowl to pieces on the ground, amidst the astonished British troopers.

My sweet, brave little Nancy, who was a child a hundred years ago! Who really lived, and really broke the punch-bowl! Yet I have often thought her romance would have been a little more real to me, if they had only saved the pieces of the bowl, as I suppose they would have done, if they could have known it was to become historical, and figure in a "CENTENNIAL STORY."

FORSAKEN.

BY GRACE SHERMAN WELLS.

I dreamed a dream in the night-time,
And methinks I am dreaming still;
The nightingale sang sweetly
In the linden-tree on the hill.

The moon was full in the heavens
And shone on the rippling stream;
And graceful roses and lilies
Grew side by side in my dream.

My lover spoke: "Affection
As this red, red rose should glow."
I answered: "Affection, like lillies,
Should be spotless and pure as snow."

He coldly smiled, and the flowers
Hung their heads as if in grief;
I silent stooped, and gathered
From the ground an ivy leaf.

The nightingale was silent,
And sadly flowed the stream;
I stood alone in the garden—
Who can explain my dream?

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 7.

AWAITING VINDICATION.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Captain John Weatherwax resided near the village of Plattsburg, New York. He was a man of good character, one of a numerous family of the same name, the settlement being known for miles around as the Weatherwax settlement.

Captain Weatherwax lived near the village of Plattsburg, New York. He was the owner of a small craft which plied on Lake Champlain, trading with New York, Vermont and Canada towns along the shores of the lake. The crew of this vessel consisted of himself,